

£25
PRIZE
FOR
Cyclists.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

Royalty
AT
Table.

See page 627.

See page 635.

VOL. I.—No. 40.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 25, 1891.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

Ask your Tailor for "MADDOCKS'S 'BELWARP' SERGES AND COATINGS."

BELWARP

SERGES AND COATINGS.

60 VARIETIES TO CHOOSE FROM.
THE LEADING FEATURES OF THE BELWARP COATINGS AND SERGES:
They are PERFECTION OF MANUFACTURE, combining the EXCELLENCE and HARDWEARING
QUALITIES of the old ENGLISH WARES with all improvements effected by the most modern Machinery.

DYED WITH WOODED DYES ONLY.

The Colours are therefore Permanent and Defy Salt Water and Climatic Changes.
The BELWARP SERGES and COATINGS are SUITABLE for EVERY KIND of

Morning and Evening Wear &
Travelling and Tourists' Suits.

They are made in a variety of qualities, from the lowest to the highest-priced ones, to suit every class of
wearer. The qualities can all be repeated, and are always uniform and reliable.

For LADIES' TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES and BOYS' HARD WEAR they are the Best in the World.

As a guarantee of material and dye, every yard is stamped on the back with the registered word,
"BELWARP," without which no Cloths are genuine. Supplied Direct from the Mill TO TAILORS
ONLY, by the Sole Manufacturers.

JOHN MADDOCKS & CO., BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.

SALT REGAL

LIEUT. COL. HUGH BAMBER, 40, HANLEY SQUARE, MARGATE,
says:—"I have now used the **Salt Regal** for two years.
I have much pleasure in stating that I have found it the most
agreeable in taste of all Salines, and a certain cure for bilious head-
ache and flurred tongue, from whatever cause arising."

It develops Ozone—the principle of life—will cleanse the mouth, clear
the throat, and sweeten the breath, and corrects all impurities arising
from errors in diet.

It prevents, and instantly relieves, INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE,
GIDDINESS, HEARTBURN, ACIDITY, PALPITATION, &c.

Invaluable for BILIOUS HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT,
GENERAL DEBILITY, LASSITUDE, &c. Imparts New Life and Vigour to
the System, maintains a clear healthy condition of the skin.

Bottles, 2s. 9d., of all Chemists and Stores. If not procurable from
the nearest, a Postal Order for 2s. 9d. to the Manager, **SALT REGAL**
WORKS, LIVERPOOL, will bring a Bottle by return of Post.

SALT REGAL

Fry's

Pure

This preparation of Cocoa is exceedingly
soluble and easily digested. It makes a most
delightful beverage for breakfast or supper.
48 PRIZE MEDALS. Diploma of Honour, Highest Award,
Edinboro', 1890.

TO SECURE THIS
ARTICLE ASK FOR FRY'S
CONCENTRATED COCOA.

COCOA

BEETHAM'S WORLD FAMED CORN & BUNION PLASTER

This marvellous Plaster acts like magic in relieving all
pain and throbbing, and soon cures the most obstinate
Corns and Bunions. It is especially useful for reducing
ENLARGED GREAT TOE JOINTS, which so spoil the
symmetry of otherwise beautiful feet. Thousands have
been cured, some of whom had suffered for fifty years
without being able to get relief from any other remedy.
A small box is earnestly solicited, as immediate
relief is sure.

BOXES, 1s. 11d., BY ALL CHEMISTS.

SEE FOR 14 STAMPS BY THE PROPRIETORS,

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.

The following is one out of the many testimonials received:
"London Hospital, Whitechapel Road.
"Gentlemen,—Please send me another box of your
Corn Plaster, as I must say that I have been wonderfully
benefitted by it. I had suffered for years with painful
Bunions on the great toe joints, but for six months before
I wrote to you it was one long agony. After a month's
application of your plaster I am now quite free from pain,
can walk comfortably, and wear my usual boots and shoes.
I can also speak very highly of your Anodyne Cooling
Lotion for allaying the inflammation of Corns and
Bunions.—Yours truly, "M. A. RANSOM.
"To Messrs. Beetham & Son."

SUNLIGHT SOAP

MONTHLY

COMPETITIONS.

Prizes value over

£25,000.

These Competitions
will be continued
each month during
1891.

There is no element
of chance in these Com-
petitions, the winning
of a prize depending
entirely on the persever-
ance and trouble taken
to collect the wrappers,
etc.

LESS LABOUR

SUNLIGHT SOAP

GREATER COMFORT

Prizes value over
£25,000.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

MONTHLY

COMPETITIONS.

Wrappers Competition.

Card Box Competition.

Prizes each month
—125 Silver Keyless
Lever Waltham
Watches, value £4 4s.
each.

Send full Name and
Address on Post-card for
Rules to

LEVER BROS., Ltd.,
Port Sunlight, near
Birkenhead.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
IS THE
EASIEST, QUICKEST, CHEAPEST, AND BEST BLACKLEAD IN THE WORLD.

"I have used the RISING SUN STOVE POLISH and prefer it to any other. I have tried several kinds of Blacklead, but none so equal this. My kitchen range looks like new. I did not feel the least tired after using it, as I like to have it."—Mrs. L. Mucall, Milton Keynes, Newport Pagnell.

"It really is the best I ever have used. It leaves no dust, and does not need any rubbing hard, as the rest of the brush makes it shine very brightly."—Mrs. McLean, 12, Beaumont Place, Edgware.

NOTE.—You can produce more polish with TWO Penny Packets of the RISING SUN than with HALF-DOZEN Penny Packets of ordinary Blacklead. Send TWO Stamps (to cover postage) for sample naming this Paper.

O. CHANCELLOR & CO., LONDON, E.C.

Towle's Pennyroyal and Steel PILLS FOR FEMALES.

Quickly correct all irregularities, remove all obstructions and relieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex.

Boxes 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. of all Chemists, or will be sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps by the

Maker, E. T. TOWLE, Chemist, Nottingham. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

WHY BE ILL! WHY TAKE PHYSIC!!

MEDICAL ESSAYS. Vol. I. For Postal Order for 1s. 2d. Contains Articles on the Natural Cure of Constipation, Biliousness, Eczema, Blackheads and Pimples, Nervousness, Coughs and Chest Complaints, Deafness, Itch, Thread, Round, and Tape Worms, &c.

MEDICAL ESSAYS. Vol. II. For Postal Order for 1s. 2d. Contains Articles on the Natural Cure of Greyness and Baldness, Sleeplessness, Want of Energy, Thinness, Stoutness, Fevers, Measles, Scarlatina, Whooping Cough, Ringworm, Hypochondria, Bloodlessness, Diarrhoea, Bad Legs, Tumours, &c.

MEDICAL ESSAYS. Vol. III. For Postal Order for 1s. 2d. Contains Articles on Unsuccessful Poisons, How to Grow Tall, to Live 100 Years, to Improve the Memory, to become Beautiful and Attractive, &c. Also on the Natural Cure of Stomach Troubles, Flatulence, Bolls and Carbuncles, Sleepiness, Varicose Veins, Wens or Skin Tumours, Hay Fever, Winter Cough, Chills, Epilepsy, Diseases caused by taking Mercury, &c.

* All the above can be got from Dr. T. R. ALLINSON, 4, Spanish Place, Manchester Square, London, W.

DESICCATED SOUP—"TOMATO."

THE VALUABLE AND AGREEABLE PROPERTIES OF THE HEALTH-GIVING TOMATO may now be had in the form of a concentrated and portable Soup, easily made, constituting a healthful, delicious, and economical article of diet. In lever-top canisters of 1lb., 2s. 6d.; 1/2lb., 1s. 3d.; 1/4lb., 8d.; and in metal boxes, containing one doz. packets, each sufficient to make a basin of rich soup, 2s.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS:
FREDK. KING & CO., LTD., CAMOMILE STREET, LONDON.
Proprietors of Edwards' Desiccated Soups. Sold by all Respectable Grocers, &c.
Registered Trade Mark, "Desiccated Soup."

FOR THE SPEEDY RELIEF OF RHEUMATISM, GOUT, LUMBAGO, & NEURALGIA.

By Royal Letters Patent. Ask for, and see that you get, The BELLHOUSE Patent

ELECTRIC TOWEL.
Anti-Rheumatic
Size about 21 by 45. No. 1 quality, 2/6 each; No. 2 quality, 5/- each.

To be obtained from the leading drapers in each town.
No Bedroom or Bathroom should be without these Towels.

Also **KNEE CAPS** (for Rheumatism in the Knee), 2/6 each, 4/6 per pair; **WAIST BELTS**, 3/-, 5/-, and 7/6 (in ordering give size of body); **CHEST PROTECTORS**, single, 1/6, 2/6; double, 3/-, 4/6. **BANDAGES**, 2 1/2 inches wide, 6d. per yard.

Write for Circulars containing Copy of Press Opinions and Testimonials, and full particulars, to the **ANTI-RHEUMATIC COMPANY, 8, Marsden Square, MANCHESTER.**

IRISH LINEN COLLARS.
Gent's Four-fold all-pure Linen Collars, 4s. 6d. and 6s. 6d. per dozen. Sample WHITE SHIRT, Linen Collars, 3s. 9d., 4s. 9d., 5s. 9d., & 6s. 9d. each. **DINNER NAPKINS**, 4s. 6d. & 5s. 6d. per dozen. 2 yards square, 2s. 11d. each. Real Irish Linen SHEETING, fully bleached, 2 yards wide, 1s. 11d. per yd. **HUCKABACK TOWELS**, 4s. 6d. per doz.

Irish Damask Table Cloth.

Irish Cambric Pocket Handkerchiefs.
Ladies' Size, 2s. 3d. per dozen; Hemstitched, 2s. 11d. per dozen; Gent's Size, 3s. 6d. per dozen; Hemstitched, 4s. 11d. per dozen.

Ladies' Handkerchiefs, beautifully embroidered by the Irish Peasant Girls, 11s. per dozen.

Irish Tweeds. patterns now ready. G. R. HUTTON & CO., LARNE, BELFAST.

Samples and Price Lists Free TO ALL PARTS. All Parcels over 10s. sent Carriage Paid.

ARTHUR HAMLYN,
Winner of the Cash Prize of **£50**

Given by the Proprietors of "The Blyth Examiner," WILL GIVE THAT AMOUNT, FIFTY POUNDS, IN A THOROUGHLY BONA-FIDE COUNTING COMPETITION.

The First Prize is £20 Cash, the Second Prize is £10 Cash, the Third and Fourth Prizes are each £5 Cash, the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth Prizes are each £1 Cash, making a total of FIFTY SOVEREIGNS IN ALL! To be paid in full, certain, no matter how few enter the competition, to those counting most correctly the words of the verse of the first chapter of Hebrews. Use ordinary Bible, not revised edition. Count all letters together, both capital and small, of all sizes. No mistaking rules, as only those letters in the actual words of verses to count, and not headings of chapters or references. Simply count the number of the words of the verse of the first chapter of Hebrews. This is a perfectly legal, fair, and easy competition for all. The above valuable prizes will be given to those who count most correctly; they are given for best work and not by chance. Simply get an ordinary sheet of paper, and write plainly, with pencil, or ink, the words, "Hamlyn's £50 Prize" your full Name and Address, and then the number of C's you make in each of the six chapters, and total of all. Enclose your list, 1s. 6d. Postal Order (or Nineteen Stamps), Entrance Fee, and Three Halfpence in Stamps for full printed result, envelope, and post same as soon as possible, please, not later than Monday, April 27, as Competition Closes next day, and all lists must then be handed. Printed Result and Prizes, with full names and addresses, and the correct number in each chapter, will be posted to every competitor on May 1. Thus you have only to wait Six Days for Valuable Prizes and Results.

of your work. If no one counts correctly, Prizes will be given for the nearest correct work. If several send the correct numbers, another entirely correct list will be chosen. The Best Worker, Twenty Sovereigns; the next best Worker, Ten Sovereigns, and so on with the remainder of the Fourteen Valuable Cash Prizes mentioned above. If it is the result, a person's list will be sent, which will be for all that is, it will not be a ridiculous easy task and a long time in which to do it, but with a little care and a very little time in which to do it, but the promoter will act fairly and straightly, to come and all, and give a fair and reasonable letter-counting task, to decide who are to have the Valuable Prizes in offers for competition. Any question willingly answered by return of Post. If stamp is enclosed, all this rule on the Absolute Genuineness of this competition, and on the utmost impartiality and fairness in the adjudication and award of prizes. If the Competition proves successful TWENTY CONSOLATION PRIZES OF 10s. EACH will be awarded to the next best Twenty Workers, but, bear in mind, however few enter, the FIFTY POUNDS WILL BE GIVEN. So, if only one were to enter, he or she would receive the money, £50 in full, in ten days to day and win one of these Valuable Prizes. Someone has got the £20 Cash Prize, why not you? This is a genuine offer, and get to work now, and enter at once for these Magnificent Prizes. Testimonials and references on receipt of stamped envelope. Bankers—The National Provincial Bank of England (Exeter Branch).

Address Letters to—ARTHUR HAMLYN, Longbrook Street, Exeter.

THE SWEET PAR EXCELLENCE.

Devona,
The most delicious sweetmeat.
Made from Fresh Devonshire Clotted Cream, sold in Penny Packets by Grocers and Confectioners everywhere.

Manufactory, 106, Praed St., London, W.

GIVEN AWAY
WITH EVERY 6d. AND 1s. BOTTLE OF
CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK.

requiring no heating. A Voucher entitling Purchasers to their name or Monogram rubber Stamp for Marking Linen or Paper. Awarded 44 Gold Medals, Diplomas, and Royal Appointments. Caution! The Original and Genuine has the Trade-Mark "Crystal Palace." Refuse all fraudulent imitations. Works, 75, Southgate Road, London, N. Your Nickel Silver Pen and Pencil Case, name in Rubber, 7d. Post free.

WATCH CLUBS.
ADDITIONAL AGENTS WANTED.

Foremen, Timekeepers, and others should write to the CITY OF LONDON WATCH CLUB CO. for their new Price List, 1,000 Illustrations. Best Terms. Grand Value.

H. E. PECK,
8, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

"MYSTERIA." SEVENTH THOUSAND.

The Problem Solved. The true view and right observance of Marriage. Safe guide to married and single life. Post free, as a letter, 1s. **BOETHUS PUBLISHING CO., 30, Lord St., Liverpool.**—"I am very thankful that ever your precious book came into my hands."—"Your excellent work."—"A most serviceable book." (Please mention "Pearson's.")

RED NOSES.
(Caused through impaired digestion.) All those who would wish to be relieved of this distressing and disfiguring complaint should send to Dr. HOWELL, 2, Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, London, W.C., who will guarantee a cure in a few days. 2s. 6d. per box.

SCOTCH TWEEDS, ALL WOOL.

Write direct for Patterns of Scotch Tweeds for Gentlemen's Suits, also Clan Tartans and Home Spun Costume Cloths for Ladies' Dresses, in the Newest and most Fashionable Styles, Knee Breeches, Blankets, &c., manufactured by

CURRIE, M'DOUGALL & SCOTT,
Langhaugh Mills, Galashiels, N.B.,
And thereby save two intermediate profits at least.

PATTERNS FREE. PARCELS PAID.

STARTLING, BUT TRUE.
£90 HONEST VALUE, and a Skin and Complexion as pure and as fair as a lily.

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to all readers of "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" enclosing nine stamps to
J. WILBY, Staincliffe, Dewsbury.
If not thoroughly satisfied, send back what you receive, and your money will be freely returned.

NO MORE CORNS!
Nature's own Remedy. Infalible.
Mrs. Alice Pratt, Gloucester, writes: "Since I have followed your prescription, I am thankful to say I can walk with ease, and my corns are gradually disappearing. December 1890." Send P.O. for 1s. to H. PORTER, 56, Alma Vale Road, Clifton. No other expense.

CORPULENCY.

SUNDAY TIMES says: "Mr. Russell's aim is to eradicate and cure corpulence, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes does not lower, but builds up and tones the system." Book (128 pages) with Recipe and notes how to pleasantly and rapidly cure OBESITY (average reduction in first week is 3lb.), post free, eight stamps—**F. C. RUSSELL, Wolburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.**

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S
Cambric Pocket Handkerchiefs.
Samples and Price Lists post free. Children's 1s. 3d. Ladies' 2s. 2d. Gent's 3s. 3d. per doz.; Hemstitched, Ladies' 2s. 11d., Gent's 3s. 11d. per doz. Embroidered Handkerchiefs, from 1s. to 2s. each. Send for samples, also of fresh Linens, Colours, Cuffs, &c., post free.

Robinson & Cleaver, Belfast.
Please name this paper.

DRIDGES FOOD
Excels all others for Infants & Invalids.

ECONOMIC COOKERY.
A Useful Work, should be in Every House.
Gratis and Post Free from
Fredk. King & Co., Ltd., Camomile St., London.

LACE! LACE! LACE!
Send for the wonderful 1s. Parcel, containing 1 Lace Apron, 1 Lace Handkerchief, 6 yards good Maltese Lace, 6 yards Edging, 1 packet Beads, 12 Engravings; sent carriage paid for 1s. 3d. W. Cotton, Weekday Cross, Nottingham. Patterns and Price Lists Free.

RUBBER STAMPS.
Your Monogram to mark Linen or Paper. Two letters, 1s.; Three letters, 1s. 6d.; any Name, 1s. 6d. Box, Pad, and Ink included. All kinds of Stamps. Patterns Free. Carriage paid, extra. Agents Wanted. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. This is no fraud or given away advertisement. P. W. JRETON & CO., 92, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

BICYCLES.
LARGEST DISCOUNT IN TRADE.
Send for Full List.

EASY PURCHASE SYSTEM.
Agents wanted. County Cycle Co., Accrington.

HAIR REMOVED PERMANENTLY.
Root, and Branch, Particulars free on receipt of stamped directed envelope.
P. W. COLLINS, Imperial Mansions, Oxford Street, London, W.C.

CONFECTIONERS COMMENCING, and shopkeepers that wish to increase their income by selling a superior class of Confectionery, will find it to their advantage to write for Price List. Post free orders for 40s. and upwards carriage paid. **CHARLES TAFF, High Class Confectionery Works, 1 and 2, The Grove, Hackney, London.**

MOUSTACHIOS IN A MONTH, on the smoothest face, are produced by using HIBSUTINE, the French formula for forcing hair—luxuriant growth—failure impossible. The only known remedy for baldness. Sent free from observation on receipt of 1s. to Madame A. DUMAS, at the Laboratory, 183, Graham Road, London, N.E. Large bottles, 3s. 6d. and 6s.

CURE OF DEAFNESS.
Noises in the Ears, Deafness after Scarlet Fever, Throat and Nervous Deafness, Giddiness, etc. The Rev. E. J. SILVERTON will give advice, by post or consultation, free of cost, to any sufferer. Over 20 years' experience. Treatise, with Testimonials, post free, 6 stamps.—Address, Rev. E. J. Silvertton, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London.

THE "EXCELSIOR" SILVER WATCH 19s.

WATER 19s.

LABY'S ENGRAVED CASE.

WONDERFUL TIMEKEEPER.
Genuine silver case, crystal plate glass, six jewels, post free. Written warranty. Full particulars, and remarkable testimonials in our **Splendid New Catalogue** elegantly illustrated with 1,100 engravings, containing "HOW TO CHOOSE A WATCH," also "WHAT IS A PERFECT WATCH?" etc., sent gratis and post free.

Special English Lever, £3 10s.
Capped and Jewelled. Marvellous Value. A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL ALLOWED.

The "Knockabout" Watch, 7s. 9d.
Not a small clock, nor a toy, but a marvellous and genuine watch; guaranteed.

DO NOT BUY JEWELLERY AT A SHOP.
Send direct to the Manufacturers. Hall-marked Name Brooch, 1s. 6d.; Large Silver Brooch, 10d.; Horse-shoe Scarf Pin, 6d.; Lady's Albert 4s. 6d.; Gent's Albert and Key, 5s. All genuine silver. Gold Keeper Rings, 3s. Gold Earrings, 2s. 9d. Also fine gold jewellery, electro-plate, and cutlery. Every pattern illustrated. Send post card for catalogue.

G. LANGDON DAVIES & CO.,
Belgrave House, Bristol Street, Birmingham.
WATCH CLUBS SUPPLIED.

THEY WILL WASH. S. PEACH & SONS LACE CURTAINS

21s. Lot No. 780. Carriage Paid. 21s.
Containing 1 pair of magnificent drawing-room Curtains, superb design, elegant and lacey in effect, 4 yards long and nearly 2 wide, taped edges; 1 pair handsome Dining-room Curtains, copy of Lot No. 780, 4 1/2 yards long, 66 inches wide, taped; 1 pair of Breakfast-room Curtains, 3 yards long, 66 inches wide, taped edges, floral and fern, delicately shaded; 1 pair beautiful Bedroom Curtains, 5 yards long, 43 inches wide; 1 lovely Antimacassar, imitation Swiss; 1 Lace-edged Handkerchief; 12 yards trimming Lace; 2 Lace D'Oyleys. Etc. Curtains sent if desired. One Long Spanish Lace Scarf GIVEN AWAY with every Popular Parcel. Only by the large sale are we enabled to give this exceptional value. The Curtains made exclusively for the Popular speciality, and comprise all the latest Patterns for 1891. MONEY RETURNED IF NOT APPROVED.

1891 Lace Curtains Price List, post free. P.O.O.'s and Cheques payable to S. PEACH & SONS, LISTER GATE, NOTTINGHAM (Est. 1857.)

BRILLIANT EYES.
A CLEAR SKIN.
AMERICAN GUITO, the greatest medical discovery of the age, makes the eyes brilliant, and clears the skin from all pimples, etc. Braces the Nervous System. Guaranteed harmless. Easy to take. Hundreds of Testimonials, including many from doctors. Delights all. 2s. 9d. each, 12s. per box, post free, under cover. **F. GILBERT, 80N & Co., 285, Regent Street, London, W.**

ONE BOX OF CLARKE'S B & C PILLS is warranted to cure all discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex (acquired or Constitutional), Gravel, and Pains in the Back. Guaranteed free from Mercury. Sold in Boxes, 4s. 6d. each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World, or sent to any address for sixty stamps by the Makers, the Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.

JUNO CYCLES. LISTS POST FREE.
SOLE MAKERS
METROPOLITAN MACHINE CO., LD.

JUNO CUSHION SAFETY—£20 10s. 4d., 17s. 6d.
monthly; £12 12s. 6d., 21s. monthly; £15 15s. 6d., 25s. 6d. monthly; or 10/- per cent. cash dia. List free (100 pp.). Any machine 15 months' payments, or liberal cash discount. Machine bought, sold, exchanged. Riding taught. Immense variety second hand machines always in stock. Monthly payments or cash. Repairs cheapest and best work in London. Estimates free.

75, 76, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT, LONDON.

JOHNSON'S PATENT. THE PENDULIC.

Save your Hats by using this novel and useful device, contained in the hat, trifling in weight, and enabling the wearer to suspend his hat on any smooth surface without the aid of a peg, instantly fixed and easily removed. Send 10d. in stamps to
H. C. Haggis, 99, Fraiton St., Portsmouth.
LITERAL COMMISSION TO AGENTS.

£20

TO TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING. Jewellers, Stationers, &c. An illustrated Guide (100 pp., 6d.) for the sale of Cigar Stems, Pipes, and Tobacco. To be had of the TOBACCONISTS, DUFFELL & CO. (Reg.), 180, Euston Rd., London. News Agents on the other Trade. (Free.) Mgr. Hy. Myers, Est. 1890.

HOW TO WIN PRIZES.
Every competitor should send 12 stamps only for our popular "EASY LETTER COUNTING SYSTEM," by which it is impossible to lose; and as a guarantee of good faith we will give a 1s. novel to every purchaser and pay postage (2d.). **HOPE BROS., 38, Franklin Street, Hanley, Staffs.**

"Up-to-Dick" SMOKING MIXTURE.
Splendid flavour. Delightful fragrance. Far nicer than ordinary Tobacco every way. Half pound, post free. Fifteen stamps. Purchasers mentioning Pearson's, receive present value One Shilling.

KNIGHT AND CO.,
MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS, PORTSMOUTH.

SMOKERS! DON'T BUY PIPES
before seeing the "Medical Patent." Illustrated particulars post free.

PATENTEE, 52, Cotham Hill, Bristol.

10/6 THE POCKET TYPEWRITER. 10/6

POST FREE. A RECENT TESTIMONIAL SAYS:
YOUR MACHINE IS THE "PERFECTION OF SIMPLICITY."

From the Pocket Typewriter Co., Ltd., Swan Arcade, Bradford.
SPECIMEN OF WORK AND PARTICULARS ON APPLICATION.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

VOL. I.—No. 40.]

TRANSMISSION BY
BOOK EXCH.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 25, 1891.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

BRAVE LOVE.

He'd nothing but his violin,
I'd nothing but my song,
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long;
And when we rested by the hedge
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.

We sometimes supped on dewberries,
Or slept among the hay,
But oft the farmer's wives at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes—the dear old tunes!
We could not starve for long
While Charlie had his violin
And I my sweet love song.

The world has aye gone well with us,
My dear, since we were one!
Our homeless wandering down the lanes—
It long ago was done;
But those who wait for gold or gear,
For houses and for kine,
Till Youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere,
And love and beauty pine,
Will never know the joy of hearts
That met without a fear,
When you had but your violin,
And I a song, my dear!

LAWS AGAINST KISSING.

KISSING by sweethearts has been made an offence against the law—not in our days, though. The Roman Civil Law took the kiss under its protection. It defined with great accuracy the nature, limits, and conditions of the right of kissing. The common law and a case, taken from the records of the Newhaven colony in 1660, show that kissing was, under certain circumstances, an indictable offence then. The statute says, "Whoever shall inveigle or draw the affections of any maide or maide-servant, either for himself or others, without first gaining the consent of their parents, shall pay to the plantation for the offence, 40s.; for the second 24; for the third, shall be imprisoned or corporally punished." Under this law, at a court held in May, 1660, Jacobeth Murline and Sarah Tuttle were prosecuted for "setting down on a cheste together, his arme about her waiste, and her arme upon his shoulder, or about his neck, and continuing in that sinful posture about half an hour, in which time he kyssed her and she kyssed him, or they kyssed one another, as ye witnesses testified."

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

A STORY—quite as good for being true—is told of two medical students, the one a very large and the other a very small person, who were room-mates and bed-fellows. On a certain warm night the big man, who was on the inner side, awoke to the consciousness that he was being crowded to the wall, his companion having taken a good-sized reservation in the middle of the bed.

By way of punishing the encroachment with neatness and dispatch he gently adjusted his soles, and ousted the little fellow so effectually as to land him on the carpet. The ejected one showed no sign of resentment until several nights later, when, finding his burly comrade occupying a position similar to the one in which he had given offence, he plotted a revenge.

Stealthily clambering over the huge form, he braced his back against the wall, and planting a foot on either side of his friend's spine, collected all his forces and gave a tremendous push. The effect was instantaneous, and if not just what had been anticipated, was certainly in strict accordance with nature's laws. The big man moved, but the bed moved with him, opening a wide space between itself and the wall, through which the little man immediately dropped to the floor.

A GOOD OPENING FOR LADIES.

WHILE the lot of the dressmaker's apprentice is not an enviable one, there are few trades for women that offer such prizes as making clothes for other women. The chief dressmaker of a Bond Street establishment will command a salary of from £250 to £300 a year. What is more, the supply is not equal to the demand. A good head woman will always have a dozen places open to her if she leaves a situation. Naturally this encourages an independence of spirit that is often fatal to long continuance in one place.

A chief hand's work is confined to cutting out, overlooking the other women, and conferring with the designer. The designer is the rock over which most of them split, for if he wants too many alterations the dressmaker rebels. The hours of a chief hand are not heavy, and no Paris education is necessary, as many suppose. If French ideas are needed, a Frenchwoman is imported. The best houses prefer an English hand who is thoroughly English.

RAILWAY WORK IN IRELAND.

If the following story is anywhere near the truth it would seem hardly worth while for Irish railway men to strike for shorter hours. Some time since (writes a correspondent) I had occasion to go to Oldcastle, a very pretty watering-place on the County Down coast, and found myself at Ballyvicknakelly Junction; it is not a very large place, not nearly so big as Willesden or Clapham Junctions. The shutter of the booking-office was closed, and as my train, the only one for several hours, was nearly due, I grew impatient, and, opening the door, walked boldly into the office. A man seated smoking at a small fire looked up with a smile of welcome, and, pointing to a stool, said:

"It's a fine mornin', sorr. Won't yer honour take a sate?"

"No," I replied. "I want a ticket to Oldcastle."

"Ah, well, sorr, take a sate. Ye see, the clerk's gone to have a look at the hunt; but, sure, he'll be back some time in the afternoon. I am just mindin' the place for him."

"But," I remonstrated, "the train's nearly due."

"What of that? Mabbe she'll be a bit late."

"Could you not give me a ticket?" I asked.

"Deed, sorr, I could not; I don't know anything about them. But, sorr, if ye wouldn't mind having a look round yerself, you might find where he kapes them, and just take one, and ye can pay him for it the next time ye come this way."

BAPTISM IN RUSSIA.

THIS is always performed by immersion. In the houses of the rich two tables are laid out in the drawing-room by the priests; one is covered with holy images, on the other is placed an enormous silver basin, filled with water and surrounded by small wax tapers.

The chief priest begins by consecrating the font, and plunging a silver cross repeatedly in the water; he then takes the child, and, after reciting certain prayers, undresses it completely. The process of immersion takes place twice, and so rigorously, that the head must disappear under the water; the infant is then restored to its nurse, and the sacrament is finally administered.

In former times, when a child had the misfortune to be born in winter, it was plunged without pity under the ice of some river. In the present day that rigour has been relaxed by permission of the church, and warm water indoors is substituted for the other; but the poor people still adhere scrupulously to the ancient practice at all seasons. On these occasions numbers of children are baptised at the same time on the ice, and the cold often proves fatal to them.

It sometimes happens also, that a child slips through the hands of the priest, and is lost, in which case he only exclaims: "Heaven has been pleased to take this infant to itself; hand me another;" and the poor people submit to their loss without a murmur, as the dispensation of heaven.

HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

WE are going to try if we can so arrange that our readers will benefit themselves, us, and one another during the coming summer—themselves by turning holiday experiences to profitable account—us by providing an interesting feature for the paper—one another by showing how a holiday can be best spent.

Our past experience in the conduct of a popular journal, tells us that during the summer months the interest taken in a Weekly Prize Story Competition greatly decreases.

We propose, therefore, with our issue for the week ending May 9th, to drop the Prize Story until the end of September, substituting for it a weekly article under the general heading HOLIDAY HAUNTS. These articles we wish our readers to contribute. They must be about 1,000 words (or a column of the paper) in length, and we shall pay Two GUINEAS for the best to hand every week, publishing it with the author's name and address.

The articles must of course be original, and the actual experiences of readers during holiday trips. There is no reason why anybody should not try for the prize, for we shall not study literary style so much as good matter.

We shall each week award the prize to the competition which seems to us of most general interest and utility. Those who intend to compete should start work at once, as the first prize will be awarded for the best article that comes to hand by Monday next.

We do not undertake any responsibility with regard to the safe return of unsuitable MSS., though every care will be taken to send back those with which stamped envelopes are enclosed. The rest will be destroyed.

THERE is a man in Manchester named Will Knott. When in a hurry he signs his name "Won't."

TRAMP: "My pard says ye jist guv him sixpence for havin' one leg."

B. Nevolent: "Yes, I did."

Tramp: "Gimme a shillin', won't yer! I've got two."

BOTANICAL OLD GENT (in public gardens): "Can you tell me, my good man, if this plant belongs to the Arbutus family?"

Gardener (curtly): "No, sir, it doan't. It b'longs to the corporation!"

THE MARKET WAS MANIPULATED.—Visitor: "Your little boy doesn't seem to be very cheerful. Isn't he well?"

Broker: "Yes, he's well enough; but he is feeling rather blue just now. You see, there was a great drop in leather this morning."

Visitor: "Bless me! You don't mean to tell me that child knows anything about the market?"

Broker: "Well, perhaps not, generally speaking, but you see the particular leather that dropped this morning was his mother's slipper."

A "MUSHROOM-MANUFACTURER" is the latest thing in novelties, even in these days, when commercial licence is often carried to the utmost possible length. An individual living in the Department of the Aveyron, struck by the high price at which mushrooms were being sold in his district, conceived the idea of fabricating the delicacy out of turnips. He cut the turnips into rounds, dried them, and, after giving them a dab with the paint brush, disposed of them to unsuspecting customers as the genuine article. For some time he drove a thriving trade, but, unluckily for him, he one day sold a batch to a gourmet, who was not so easily to be taken in. Indignant at the trick played on him, the gourmet brought an action, which has just resulted in the condemnation of the mushroom manufacturer to two months' imprisonment.

TOM ROCKET.

Mr father used to say that he would like to see the man who could rob him upon the highway, and one fine November evening he *did* see him.

You folk of to-day, who are accustomed to be whisked away a couple of hundred miles between your breakfast and your lunch by an express train, and grumble vastly if you are ten minutes behind time, don't know much about what travelling was in 1795—cross-country travelling especially. People did not leave their homes then if they could help it. It's all very fine to talk about the beauties of the country, and the delights of a change of scene, but when there are more highwaymen than police about, the roads are not so very charming, I can tell you. Why, it was a week's journey from here to London and back in those days, and if you got home with whole bones and a full purse, you were not in a hurry to tempt Providence and Tom Rocket a second time.

Tom Rocket was a highwayman. No one ever christened him Tom, and his father's name was not Rocket. When he was tried for his life at Warwick Assizes he was arraigned as Charles Jackson, and they were particular about names then. If you indicted a man as Jim, and his true name was Joe, he got off; and, when the law was altered—so that they could set such errors right at the trial—people, leastwise lawyers, said that the British Constitution was being pulled up, root and branch. But that's neither here nor there.

My father was a Gloucestershire man. He stood six feet three in his stockings and measured thirty-six inches round the chest. He could double up half-a-crown between his finger and thumb, and was as brave as a lion. So, many a time, when anyone talked of the dangers of the road, he would set his great feet together, shake his head, and say that he should like to see the man that could rob *him* on the highway; and, as I said before, he *did* see him, and it was Tom Rocket.

My father was a lawyer, and was, at the time I have mentioned, engaged in a great tithe case that was to be tried at the Warwick Spring Assizes. So, shortly before Christmas, he had to go over to look up the evidence. There was no cross-country coach, so he rode; and being as I have said, a brave man, he rode alone. He transacted his business; and my mother being ill, and not liking to leave her alone longer than he could help, he set out to ride home again about half-past nine o'clock that same evening.

His nag was a first-rate hunter, as docile as a dog, and fit to carry even his weight over or past anything. He had a brace of excellent pistols in his holsters; and he jogged along, humming a merry tune, neither thinking nor caring for any robber under the sun. All of a sudden, it struck him that the pretty barmaid of an inn just out of Warwick town, where he had stopped to have a girth that he had broken patched together, had been very busy with those self-same pistols; and suspecting that she might have been tampering with them, he drew the charges and reloaded them carefully. This done, he jogged on again as before.

He had ridden about ten miles, when he came to a wooden bridge that there was in those days over the Avon. Just beyond it rose a stiffish hill, at the top of which was a sudden bend in the road. Just as my father reached this turn, a masked horseman suddenly wheeled round upon him, and bade him *stand and deliver!* It was Tom Rocket! In a second my father's pistols were out, cocked, and snapped within a yard of the highwayman's chest; but one after the other they missed fire! The pretty barmaid—a special favourite of Tom's—was too sharp to rely on the old dodge of drawing the balls, or damping the charge; she thrust a pin into each touch-hole, and then broke it off short.

"Any more?" Tom inquired, as coolly as you please, when my father's second pistol flashed in the pan.

"Yes!" shouted my father in a fury; "one for your nob!" And seizing the weapon last used by the muzzle he hurled it with all his might and main at Rocket's head. Tom ducked, the pistol flew over the hedge, and my father, thrown out of balance by his exertion, lost his seat and fell heavily on the grass by the roadside. In less time than it takes to say so Tom had dismounted, seized my father by the collar, and presented a pistol within an inch of his face as he lay. Then he bade him be quiet, or it would be the worse for him.

"You've given me a deal of trouble," said Tom, "so just hand over your purse without any more ado, or I'll send a bullet through your skull—just there." And he laid the cold muzzle of his pistol on my father's forehead between his eyes.

My father made a virtue of necessity, and quietly gave up his purse.

"Much good may it do you," he said, "for there's only three-and-sixpence in it."

"Now for your pocket-book," said Tom, not heeding him.

"Pocket-book?" inquired my father, turning a little pale.

"Ay, pocket-book!" Tom repeated; "a thick black one; it is in the left-hand pocket of your riding-coat."

"Here it is," said my father; "you know so much

about it that perhaps you can tell what its contents are worth."

"I'll see," Tom replied, quietly taking out and unfolding half a dozen legal-looking documents.

"They are law papers—not worth a rush to you or anyone else," said my father.

"Then," Tom replied, "I may tear them up," and he made as though he would do so.

"Hold! on your life!" my father shouted, struggling hard, but in vain, to rise.

"Oh! they are worth something then," said Tom, with a grin.

"It would take a deal of trouble to make them out again," my father replied, sulkily, "that's all."

"How much trouble?" Tom inquired, with a meaning look.

"Well," my father answered, "I suppose I know what you are driving at. Hand me them back and let me go, and I promise to send you a hundred pounds when and where you please."

"You know very well that these papers are worth more than a hundred," said Tom.

"A hundred and fifty, then," shouted my father, angrily.

"Don't be cross," said Tom; "it don't become you to look red in the face. Now, attend to me," he continued, in an altered tone; "do you see that bridge? Well! there's a heap of stones in the centre, isn't there? Very good! If you will place five hundred guineas in gold, in a bag, amongst those stones at twelve o'clock at night this day week you shall find your pocket-book and all its contents in the same place two hours afterwards."

"How am I to know that you will keep your word?" my father replied, a little softened by the hope of regaining, even at so heavy a price, the papers that were invaluable to him.

"I'm Tom Rocket," replied the robber, securing the pocket-book upon his person, "and what I mean I say, and what I say I stick to. Now get up, and mind," he added, as my father sprang to his feet, "my pistols don't miss fire."

"I shall live to see you hanged," my father muttered, adjusting his disordered dress.

"Good night," said Tom, with a wave of his hand, and turning sharp round, he jumped his horse over the fence, and was out of sight in a moment.

It was not quite fair of my father, I must own, but he determined to set a trap for Tom Rocket, baited with the five hundred guineas, at the bridge. He posted up to London, saw Bradshaw, a famous Bow Street runner, and arranged that he and his men should come down, and help to catch Tom; but, just at the last moment, Bradshaw was detained upon some important Government trial, and so another runner, Fraser, a no less celebrated officer, took his place.

It was settled that the runners should come by different roads, and all meet at a wayside inn about five miles from the bridge, at eight o'clock p.m., on the day my father's pocket-book was to be returned. An hour afterwards they were to join him on the road, three miles farther on. Their object, you see, in taking this roundabout course, was to baffle Tom's spies and accomplices, and to get securely hid about the appointed spot long before the appointed time.

My father was a little late at the place of meeting, but when he arrived there he could see no one about except a loutish-looking countryman in a smockfrock, who was swinging on a gate hard by.

"Good noight, maister," said the yokel.

"Good night to you," replied my father.

"Can ye tell me who this yere letter's for?" said the yokel, producing a folded paper.

My father saw in a moment that it was a letter of his to Bradshaw.

"Where did you get that?" he said quickly.

"Ah!" replied the yokel, replacing it in his pocket, "that ud be tellings. Be yer expecting anybody?"

"What's that to you?" said my father.

"Oh, nought," said the yokel, "only a gentleman from London—"

"Ha!" cried my father, "what gentleman?"

"Will a name beginning with F. suit you?" asked the yokel.

"Fraser?" The word fell involuntarily from my father's lips.

"That's the name," replied the yokel, jumping down from his seat, and changing his tone and manner in a moment. "I'm Fraser, sir, and you're Mr. Sandiger, as has been robbed of a pocket-book containing valuable papers; and we're going to catch Tom Rocket as has got it—that's our game, sir. All right, sir; and now to business."

"But where are your men?" my father asked, when Fraser had explained the reason for his disguise.

"All right again, sir," said the runner; "they will join us. We have not much time to lose, so please to lead the way."

So my father led the way, followed by Fraser, and by the time that they came in sight of the bridge they had been joined by four other officers, in different disguises and from different directions. One appeared as a tramp, one as a pedlar, another as a gentleman's servant leading a horse, and the fourth as a soldier. No one could have guessed that they had met before, much less that they were engaged together in a preconcerted scheme. My father gave Fraser great credit

for the dexterous way in which he had collected his forces.

The bridge upon which the money was to be placed consisted of two arches across the river, and was joined on either side by a long sort of causeway, built upon piles over meadows that in the winter-time were generally covered with water. It so happened that the very next morning after the robbery heavy rain set in, and soon the floods were out, so that there was no way of getting on the bridge but by going along the causeway, which extended a distance of over a hundred yards, sloping down gradually to the road on each side of the river.

This causeway was built of wood. At some places the timbers were covered with earth and stones, but at others the roadway was worn out and they were bare, so that anyone looking up from underneath could see who was passing overhead. Mr. Fraser's sharp eyes took in the position in a moment. He got two hurdles out of a field close by, and, with some rope that he had brought for another purpose, fastened them to the piles, so that they hung like shelves between the roadway and the flood, one at each side of the bridge, and about twenty yards from it.

This was his plan. Two of his men were to lie hidden on each hurdle, whilst he and my father, in a boat that was concealed beneath the main arch of the bridge, unseen themselves, could watch the heap of stones where the money was to be placed, and the stolen pocket-book left in exchange for it. As soon as Tom Rocket, or any of his friends, removed the bag in which the gold was packed, Fraser was to whistle, and his men were to climb from their hiding-places and secure whoever it might be. If he leaped over the railing of the causeway, and took to the water, there was the boat in which to follow and capture him.

Mr. Fraser was very particular to practise his allies in springing quickly from their place of concealment, and in impressing upon them and my father the necessity of all acting together, keeping careful watch and strict silence.

"And now, sir," he said to my father, as a distant clock chimed a quarter to twelve, "it's time to get to our places, and to bait the trap, so please to hand me the bag that I may mark it and some of the coins, so as to be able to identify them at the trial."

He had made up his mind, you see, to nail Master Tom this time.

My father gave him the bag, saw him write upon it and make some scratches on about a dozen of the guineas, and then my father let himself down into the boat, in which he was immediately joined by the runner.

"It's all right," said Fraser, in a low tone.

"Do you think he will come?" whispered my father.

"Certain," replied Fraser. "But, hush! we must not talk, sir; time's up."

For three mortal hours did my father sit in the boat, and the runners lay stretched out on the bridge of their backs upon those hurdles watching for Tom Rocket to come for his money; and for three mortal hours not a soul approached the bridge, not a sound but the wash of the swollen river was heard. By the time that the clock struck three, my father, who had been nodding for the last twenty minutes, fell fast asleep as he sat covered up in his cloak, for it was a bitter cold night; but was very speedily aroused by hearing Fraser cry out that they were adrift.

Adrift they were, sure enough. The rope that held them had been chafed against the sharp corner of a pile (so Mr. Fraser explained) till it broke, and away went the boat, whirling round and round in the eddies of the river, fit to make anyone giddy. So strong was the stream that they were carried a mile and a half down it before they could get ashore. My father was for returning directly to the bridge, and so was Fraser; but, somehow or other, they lost each other in the dark, and when my father arrived there, having run nearly all the way, he found, to his great surprise, that the officers had left. He rushed to the heap of stones, and there the first thing that caught his eye was his pocket-book—the money was gone!

Determined to have it out with the runners for deserting their posts, he hurried on to the inn where they had met and were to pass the night. He knocked at the door. No answer. He knocked again, louder. No answer. He was not in the very best of tempers, as you may guess; so he gave the door a big kick. In it flew, and a sight met his view that fairly took away his breath. Tied into five chairs, hand and foot, trussed like so many Christmas turkeys, with five guineas in their mouths, and their five pairs of eyes glaring at him owlishly, sat the real Mr. Fraser and his four Bow Street runners. Tom Rocket had managed the business at the bridge himself!

How he managed to get scent of the plot, and to seize the officers all together, just at the nick of time, my father never could find out, and no one knows to this day.

Upon examining his pocket-book, my father found all his documents, and a paper on which was written these words:—

"By destroying these writings, I could have ruined you. In doing so, I should have injured your client, whom I respect. For his sake I keep my word, though you have played me false.—TOM ROCKET."

A TRUE PHILANTHROPIST.

I WAS in the office of a very busy man the other day, and had scarcely got seated when a woman was admitted, who asked him for a subscription to some charity.

"With the greatest of pleasure, ma'am," he replied; and producing a cheque-book, he drew a cheque for two guineas. She thanked him very sweetly, and withdrew, and it was only five minutes later when a man entered and asked for a contribution to some poor children's fund.

"Certainly—only too glad," replied the busy man, and he wrote another cheque for two guineas.

After we had been interrupted four times, and he had carefully written four cheques, I said to him:

"You certainly deserve the title of a philanthropist."

"Well, perhaps."

"But I notice you ask no questions, and take everything for granted. Have you no fear of being swindled?"

"None whatever."

"Well, the people who call on you must be an honest lot."

"Oh, it isn't that, my dear sir. Let me explain. All those cheques are worthless, as they are drawn on a bank where I have no funds. I do it to save time. All these callers come prepared to argue and explain and contend, and each one of them would go it for half an hour. By giving these cheques I secure a great reputation as a philanthropist, and it costs me nothing. When the cheques are presented they are found to be worthless, and those holding them either get very wroth or see the joke. In either case they never return, nor do they split on me. Try it, my boy. Saves time, money, and talk, and it won't be a month before you'll be satisfied that you are doing charity a better service than if you were handing out the cash."

ANIMAL BATTERIES.

ELECTRIC cat-fish, found in nearly all the rivers of Northern Africa, are often put to a curious use by the natives on the Old Calabar rivers. When a person is taken ill he is placed in a tub or vessel containing water in which several of these fishes are swimming, the idea being that the patient derives strength from the unknown "something" that is certainly there. This shows that the electrical cure is not original in this country.

The most general use, however, to which this cat-fish is put, is in connection with infants; the native mothers considering that their children obtain health and vigour from being bathed in the water in which the fish have lived. Others place their offspring in a tub with the little electricians every day, forcing them to play with them, in the belief that such a course will cause them to grow into powerful men. As a cat-fish of fifteen inches in length, fresh from its native element, can give a shock equal to that of a Leyden jar, the protests against this companionship are said to be loud and piercing.

Electric insects have been reported. Captain Blaney makes the statement that upon taking up a large caterpillar in the forests of South America, he received so powerful a shock that his right arm and side were almost paralysed, and even his life jeopardised. The wheel insect has been known to give electric shocks, according to General Davis, who received one that affected his arm as high as the elbow, and when the insect was removed from his hand it was found to have left certain peculiar marks.

SACRED TREES.

THE palm, the oak, and the ash are the three trees which, since time immemorial, have been held sacred. The first among them, which figures on the oldest monuments and pictures of the Egyptians and Assyrians, is the date-palm, which was the symbol of the world and of creation, and the fruit of which filled the faithful with divine strength, and prepared them for the pleasures of immortality. "Honour," said Mohammed, "thy paternal aunt, the date-palm, for in paradise it was created out of the same dust of the ground."

Another Mohammedan tradition of a latter period says that when Adam left Paradise, he was allowed to take with him three things—a myrtle, because it was the most lovely and the most scented flower of the earth; a wheat-ear, because it had the most nourishment; and a date, because it is the most glorious fruit of the earth. This date from Paradise was, in some marvellous way, brought to Hejaz; from it have come all the date-palms in the world, and Allah destined it to be the food of all the true believers, who shall conquer every country where the date-palm grows.

The Jews and Arabs, again, looked upon the same tree as a mystical allegory of human beings, for, like them, it dies when its head (the summit) is cut off, and when a limb (branch) is once cut off it does not grow again. Those who know can understand the mysterious language of the branches on the days when there is no wind, when whispers of present and future events

are communicated by the tree. Abraham of old, so the Rabbis say, understood the language of the palm.

The oak was considered a "holy" tree by our own ancestors, and, above all, by the nations of the North of Europe. When Winifred of Devonshire (680-754 A.D.) went forth on his wanderings through Germany to preach the gospel, one of his first actions was to cut down the giant oak in Saxony, which was dedicated to Thor and worshipped by the people from far and near. But when he had nearly felled the oak, and while the people were reviling and threatening the saint, a supernatural storm swept over it, seized the summit, broke every branch, and dashed it with a tremendous crash to the ground. The heathen acknowledged the marvel, and many of them were converted there and then. The saint built a chapel of the wood of this very oak, and dedicated it to St. Peter.

But the sacred oaks do not seem to have always done their duty. Thus, for instance, a famous oak in Ireland was dedicated to the Irish Saint Columban, one of the peculiarities of the tree being that whoever carried a piece of its wood in his mouth would never be hanged. After a time, however, the holy oak of Kenmare was destroyed in a storm. Nobody dared gather the wood, except a gardener, who tanned some shoe leather with the bark; but when he wore the shoes made of this leather for the first time he became a leper, and was never cured.

In the Abbey of Vetro, in Brittany, stood an old oak-tree, which had grown out of the staff of St. Martin, the first abbot of the monastery, and in the shade of which the princes used to pray whenever they went into the abbey. Nobody ventured to pluck a leaf from this tree, and not even the birds dared to peck at it. Not so the Norman pirates, two of them climbed the tree of St. Martin to cut wood for their bows. Both fell to the ground and broke their necks.

The Celts, and Germans, and Scandinavians, again, worshipped the mountain ash, and it is especially in the religious myths of the latter that this tree plays a prominent part. To them it was the holiest among trees, the "world-tree," which, eternally young, represented heaven, earth, and hell.

SOME BRAVE WOMEN.

IN a pamphlet entitled "Women Decorated with the Legion of Honour," M. Alesson gives a complete list of the women who have been given the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour since that order was founded, and the total stands at thirty-four. Under the First Empire only two female nominations were made, and these were both for military achievements.

The one was given to Virginie Ghesquiere, who had dressed herself as a man and taken the place of her brother, who was not strong enough to stand the fatigue of a soldier's life. Enrolled in the 27th Regiment of the Line, she displayed great bravery and obtained the rank of sergeant, her sex not being discovered until she was wounded while rescuing her colonel from the enemy.

The second was given to Marie Schelling, a Belgian woman, who enlisted out of a liking for a military career, who fought at Jemmappes, where she received six sabre cuts, at Ansterlitz, and at Jena, where she was wounded twice. In 1806 she was promoted to the rank of sub-lieutenant, and Napoleon decorated her with his own hand in 1808, granting her at the same time a pension of 700 francs.

The third woman decorated was a Sister of Charity, Sœur Marthe, in 1815, while the only decoration given to a woman between 1815 and 1851 was that accorded to a cantinière named Perrot. From 1851 to 1865 eight ribbons were given to women, among them being that which the Emperor Napoleon affixed to the breast of Rosa Bonheur; and since the war the Legion of Honour has been less sparingly distributed, one of the recipients being Lady Pigot, in recognition of the ambulance work she did in 1870-71.

Altogether seven women have been decorated for their services on the battle-field, but no fewer than twenty of the thirty-four have been Sisters of Charity, while the only artist has been Rosa Bonheur. One of the latest recipients of the red ribbon was Madame Dieulafoy, the intrepid wife of the explorer of North Africa.

How true it is that fame and fortune both hinge on some trivial circumstances. The most successful artist at the annual exhibition of the French Salon one year was a young gentleman named Baldwin Sowers. Mr. Sowers' particular line is the delineation of still life, and so he painted a cheese. After it was hung some malicious persons slipped into the gallery the night before the exhibition, and cut a round hole in the canvas, completely removing the round cheese. When the examining committee were on their rounds they came to the defaced picture, and angrily sent for the artist to give an explanation. An ordinary individual would have been overcome with despair at the outrage. Not so Mr. Sowers. When the chairman said, sternly, "Where is the cheese?" he responded, calmly: "Alas, gentlemen! I perceive I have painted it with too great fidelity. The mice have eaten it." They awarded him the first prize.

ALMOST THE LAST NOTICE OF OUR CYCLISTS' PRIZE.

WE have re-commenced the £100 Cyclist Insurance, the place of which was, during the winter months, occupied by an Insurance of like value for football players.

To signalize the re-introduction of this Insurance System, we offer a Special Prize in connection with it.

The prize will be given to the sender of the best anagram on the words

HUNDRED POUNDS INSURANCE FOR CYCLISTS.

Only the letters forming these words can be used, and only as often as they occur in them. The main points of a good anagram are that it reads sensibly, and has some bearing upon the subject. Here is an anagram which won a prize in the recent competition confined to Smiths only.

The words selected were our title and motto—"Pearson's Weekly." To INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE, and these became

NEW TO MOST, YET VERSATILE, SURE TO PLEASE, TAKE ONE.

Competitions must reach us before or by the last day in April—the envelopes containing them marked CYCLE.

The prize we offer is any machine, not exceeding £25 in value, that may be selected by the winner from the various patterns sold by the firm of Hillman, Herbert, & Cooper, makers of the renowned "Premier" cycles. At each of the London establishments of this firm—14, Holborn Viaduct; 5, Lisle Street, Leicester Square; and 133, Hammersmith Road, a £25 machine is now being exhibited.

JEWELLER: "I would advise you to buy a better watch. I cannot guarantee this one."

Purchaser: "Oh, it is plenty good enough. I am buying it for my nephew to remember me by, and the worse it goes the more he will remember me."

BOBBS: "I couldn't possibly sleep as late as you do. Why, I am out of bed and as busy as a bee before five o'clock every morning."

Dobbs: "You don't say so. How long have you been doing that?"

Bobbs: "Ever since baby came."

A PRACTICAL VIEW: She: "How lovely in the calm stillness of evening to listen to the nightingale's echo note!"

He: "Yeth, he'th a fine fellow, ith the nightingale; but I thay (bright idea), he mutht be a beathly noo'thance to all the other little-birdth that want to go to thleep."

"WHY didn't you vote for your old representative on the Town Council?"

"Because he never did anything for our street."

"But your street is perfection—well paved, well lighted. What more do you want?"

"What more! Why, we haven't a single tablet on any house to record the birth there of a great man."

ENTHUSIASTIC PROPRIETOR: "What do you think of the new hotel?"

Prospective Guest (indifferently): "Rather fine."

E. P.: "Fine? Grand, I think! Did you notice the fresco work in the dining-room and the new furniture in the hall?"

P. G.: "Yes, I noticed them."

E. P. (persistently): "Well, what do you think?"

P. G. (gloomily): "Oh, I suppose I'll have to pay for them before I leave."

THE WELL-KNOWN American actor, Edwin Booth once went to Ascot races, and was suddenly attracted by two sights. One was a typical English policeman, standing with helmet firmly on, head erect, chest expanded, hands close by side. From this grand spectacle, symbolical of the mighty majesty of British law and order, the visitor's eye turned to a sixpenny squirt which an old woman was selling. An idea struck him. "What would it cost," said he to a friend near by, "to fill that squirt with water and send it into that fellow's eye?"

"About a ten-pound note," was the laconic reply. In a moment the squirt was bought and filled with water, and in less time than it has taken to tell the policeman had it full in the eye. Had the heavens fallen the policeman could not have been more astonished. He was completely flabbergasted. Booth expressed his willingness to pay any fine, and was taken before a magistrate and amerced in the sum of five pounds which he paid with great pleasure.

"What possessed you to do such a thing?" said the magistrate.

"I don't know, sir. I was seized with an irresistible desire to do it," replied Booth.

"Is there any hereditary insanity in your family?" asked the magistrate.

"None," said Booth. "Good-day."

QUESTIONS WORTH
ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

350. Which is the Largest Continuous Single Estate in the Kingdom?

This is the lordship of Sutherland, in the north of Scotland, the property of the Duke of Sutherland. The estate is no less than 730,200 acres in extent. The estate of Reay, in the same part of Scotland, is also very large, extending about thirty miles in length, and from fifteen to twenty miles in breadth. These estates far exceed in extent any continuous single estates in England. One of the largest in the latter country is the Ailesbury or Savernake estate in Wiltshire. It comprises, besides the park in which the ancestral mansion is situated, at least thirteen parishes, the whole estate consisting of about 55,000 acres, and extending for a distance of more than twelve miles.

351. Which Flower Lives Longest After having been Gathered?

The flower which exists for the longest space of time after being gathered, is, as its name implies, "the Everlasting Flower." These may be kept for years after being picked, for they possess a hard tissue and little moisture, and so are not liable to wither. The French people call them "Immortelles," and weave them into wreaths for placing upon tombs. Of our popular wild flowers those which retain their beauty longest after being gathered are the Marsh-marigold, the Water Lily, and the Forget-me-not. These will live and thrive, if carefully tended, for many weeks.

352. What Part of the Face Most Influences the Expression?

The part of the face which most affects the expression is the mouth; the part which is capable of exerting the most influence is the eyes. The mouth is a great index to character. Thus we speak of a strong mouth, a weak mouth, a sweet mouth, or a bad-tempered mouth. Passionate and choleric natures are indicated by thick lips and a protruding under jaw. The "coral lips and teeth like pearls" of the fair sex are generally associated with sweetness of disposition and simplicity, while the square jaw and firmly-set mouth of men are indicative of decision and strong will power, although not always of good temper. The eyes, on the other hand, are capable of a great fascinating power upon other people. They can speak love, hate, passion, terror, greed, or cunning. They can "flash like fire," or speak of tenderness and pity. In this the muscles of the eyelids, together with the eyebrows, play a very important part. There is nothing sadder than to see a blind man, and few things more repulsive than the glazed, "fishy" eyes of the drunkard and the profligate. After all, the mouth and the eyes are not the sole indicators of a lively disposition. As Pope says:—

"Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

353. What Percentage of Britons are Vegetarians?

A vegetarian is one who abstains from eating the flesh of animals, birds, and fishes. The word "vegetarian" is derived from the Latin, *vegetus*, and means healthful, not, as is often supposed, from "vegetable." The term vegetarian has only come into common use since the Vegetarian Society was established at Manchester in 1847, by Mr. Brotherton, M.P., and others. The Vegetarian Society has enrolled some 3,500 members who always practise the system, and about 2,500 others who do so excepting under exceptional circumstances. There are also many vegetarians attached to societies outside Manchester, their total membership being fully 1,000. Then there are probably at least 1,000 adherents who do not care to attach themselves to a society. Besides the above, who may be said to practice vegetarianism from principle, there are very many who do the same thing because of poverty or hereditary ill-health. The national diet of Scotchmen is porridge; of Irishmen, potatoes and buttermilk. English agricultural labourers who bring up a large family on 12s. a week, live almost entirely on vegetarian fare. Probably in the United Kingdom there are at least 4,000,000 people who are almost always

vegetarians, simply because they cannot afford to buy meat. There are thirty-five vegetarian restaurants in London and other large towns, and at least 15,000 people frequent them daily. But comparatively few of these are true vegetarians. It appears, therefore, that vegetarians proper do not number more than one to every 5,000 of the population. Yet if we take the world all over, vegetarians are in a majority.

354. Is the Sense of Taste ever Permanently Lost?

The sense of taste may be impaired, or may be wholly lost in paralysis of the facial nerve—"Everything I eat," said a patient of M. Magendie, "seems to be earth." There is also a singular case of a man who, in consequence of inflammation, had lost all power of taste and smell, yet he retained his old likes and dislikes in the matter of different foods with undiminished force. Their various consistencies aroused in him during the act of mastication, the memory of their former flavour, and the prejudices and predilections associated with them in his mind. Furthermore he was an excellent judge of the quality of many provisions, and could tell at once if meat were not fresh, though no savour nor odour could reach him.

355. Does any Substance Contract at a High Temperature?

Yes, there are substances which contract at a high temperature, notably those which contain a certain amount of moisture. We have a familiar instance of this in a sheet of paper placed in front of the fire. The heated side contracts, and the paper coils up. Moreover, some substances contract in melting, or passing from the solid to the liquid state. Ice in melting contracts, but this occurs at a low temperature; iron, whether in the form of cast-iron or steel, does the same thing at a temperature of 1,500° Centigrade, antimony at 450° C., and bismuth at 264° C. Conversely, these metals expand when passing from a liquid to a solid state, and can thus be used for casting; but gold, silver, and copper, which expand when melting, and therefore contract on solidifying, cannot be cast in a mould, but must be stamped with a die. It has been found that indiarubber when stretched and heated contracts, expanding again when cool. What is known as "Rose's Fusible Metal," which is an alloy of two parts bismuth, one part tin, and one part lead, when raised to a temperature of 155° undergoes contraction, after having first at a lower degree suffered expansion.

356. Which British County is Most Thickly Wooded?

Sussex is more thickly wooded than any other county. It contains 933,269 acres, and, according to the latest statistical returns of the Board of Trade, the correct quantity of woodland is 114,375 acres, or 12·2 per cent. of the total acreage. There was formerly a vast forest to the north of the South Downs, called Andredswald ("The Forest without Habitation"), 120 miles in length and about thirty in breadth. The forests of St. Leonards, Tilgate, and Ashdown constitute some of the central parts of this ancient forest, and the names in many parts of the county indicate their former wooded character, as Hurstpierpoint ("hurst" meaning wood), Midhurst, Fernhurst, Billingshurst, and several others. The characteristics of forest scenery in point of wildness are preserved in these woods, although the large timber was cut down during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to supply the extensive ironworks that formerly existed in the district, and also for exportation. Hampshire takes second place, the proportion of woodland being 10·8 per cent. (111,863 of a total acreage of 1,037,764.) About 60,000 acres of this woodland is part of the New Forest, the remainder of the forest being heath land. The county of York contains more woodland than any other county, the quantity being 129,267 acres; but as the acreage of the county is 3,882,851, this only represents 3·3 per cent. of its area.

357. What Disease is Soonest Fatal?

Undoubtedly the malignant, epidemic, or Asiatic form of cholera. This dreadful malady has been known to attack soldiers on the march, who have retired from the ranks, laid down their arms on the roadside, and expired in two hours. Several instances have been recorded of natives in India who have been stricken down with this disease while walking in the open air; they fell down, retched a little, complained of vertigo, deafness, and blindness, and expired in a few minutes; although this astonishing rapidity has never been seen in this country, the most severe cases generally last but five or six hours. Dr.

Martin, formerly of the Bengal Army, states that of 19,232 fatal cases of cholera in males, 315 terminated in six hours, leaving 18,917 alive; 3,030 died in the next six hours, leaving 15,887 alive at the end of the twelfth hour; 4,965 died in twelve and less than eighteen hours, leaving 10,922, or rather more than half the number of those who die, alive at the end of eighteen hours. The duration of life, after well-marked symptoms of fatal cholera have set in, appears to diminish as age advances. In the Bengal medical report of 1781, we are told that, as a Bengal force, under Colonel Pearse of the artillery, was marching through the northern circars to join Sir Eyre Coote's army, 700 men died within the first few days, and 300 convalescents were left behind; this out of an original force of 5,000 men. In the words of the report—"Men in perfect health dropped down by dozens; and those even less severely affected were generally dead, or past recovery, within less than an hour." A peculiar feature in connection with this disease is that the patient is always quite conscious to the end. Another disease—yellow fever—almost unknown in Great Britain, is sometimes fatal equally soon. The writer of an article entitled "In Time of Yellow Fever" in *THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS* of March 28, 1891, says:—"There was something appallingly sharp and summary about the ways of 'Yellow Jack.' You heard a man was ill, and on the third day after he was dead. I remember calling on a young clergyman who complained of feeling feverish. 'I don't think this country suits me,' he said, 'I shall go home.' That was on Thursday night. The following Sunday he was buried." Yellow fever is generally said to consist of a single paroxysm. The usual duration of the fever is from three days to a week, although in some cases death may ensue in a few hours.

358. Whose is the Oldest Authentic Autograph in Existence?

The earliest signatures which have been preserved to our day commence about the period of Richard II. of England, who died A.D. 1400, as we are told by Mr. John Gough Nichols in his valuable work on autographs. There are two autograph signatures of that king, one in the Tower of London, one in the British Museum. He signed himself, "Le Roy, R. S.," or, the King, Richard the Second. Mr. Nichols gives us an autograph, of the same period, of Charles VI. of France, who died A.D. 1422, and there is one of Charles V., of France, in a folio Bible, now in the Bibliothèque Nationale, at Paris, who died A.D. 1380. All Europe took a lively interest in the autographs of the most eminent men of all times, from Caesar downwards, possessed and partly published by M. Charles, until, in 1867, that eminent mathematician had to own that he had been duped by a forger.

360. What City is Generally Considered, Owing to its Natural Advantages, to be the Most Beautiful in the World?

My own choice would be Florence, "the beautiful," "the city of flowers and the flower of cities." This home of art; with all its magnificent churches, its galleries and palaces, its green walks and its flowers, all enveloped in an "ether of surpassing brilliance," has a beauty and charm particularly its own. There is, however, no one city that can, by common consent, be considered the most beautiful in the world, as conceptions of beauty differ very widely. The limit, however, may be well defined, Naples, Constantinople, Athens, Edinburgh, and Florence being the five most favoured spots. "See Naples and die" is a favourite Italian phrase, fully justified by the position, climate, and surrounding picturesqueness of the Italian city. Lady Brassey, than whom few better knew the cities of the world, says, in one of her books:—"There is nothing equal to it in the world, so far as my experience goes." Constantinople, or Istanbul, as it is called in Turkey, possesses a great charm in its delightful situation, crowded as it is with minarets and mosques, quaint towers and gilded domes. Athens also lays claim to picturesque situation and old-world beauty. Its climate is perfect, and "the violet-wreathed city" offers the greatest attractions to the traveller and tourist. The "Modern Athens" is Edinburgh, also delightful in its situation, and full of interest. What Scottish poet indeed has not sung its praises without end? Lord Dufferin would give the palm of lovely cities to "Scotia's darling Seat," and he is not alone among great men in his opinion. When, however, there are so many lovely cities in the world, who shall decide which is the loveliest?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from readers who have the knowledge and ability to answer them. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column, or about 5d. a line. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday following their publication. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

381. What tree is most abundant all the world over?
382. Which British town is most heavily in debt in proportion to population?
383. What is the proportion per annum of families who change their residence in this country?
384. Which has been the hottest summer of this century?
385. What amount of money is lost yearly by Stock Exchange speculation?

386. Which is considered the finest prose writing in the English language?

387. What is the longest time a person has been known to be under water and yet survive?

388. Why does the human hair grow sometimes curly and sometimes straight?

389. What is the average distance between railway stations on British lines?

390. During what proportion of time is rain actually falling in this country?

WHAT WAS IT?

SHE picked up the paper one evening,
And gave it a hasty glance, when
Her eye reached a spot where it lingered
And wandered, to go back again.
Her face, which before was all radiant,
Took on an expression quite new,
As she turned the sheet in an endeavour
To get, if she could, a rear view.
She bent the sheet back in position,
And looked combined anger and woe;
Her brow filled with wrinkled suspicion—
There was something she wanted to know.
On the first page a wreck and a murder
Stared, each with a thrilling black head,
And the stories of sundry misfortunes
Were all waiting there to be read.
But these were passed by quite unnoticed,
No meaning, to her mind, had they,
And she stared at the spot in the paper
With eyes that would not turn away.
What was it, you ask, that she stared at?
Why did she grow angry and pout?
She had found a square hole in the paper
Where someone had cut something out.

A SKILFUL MAMMA.

AMERICAN mothers have acquired some reputation for skill and energy in connubial management on behalf of their daughters. A Parisian newspaper, some time ago, recorded an exceedingly clever bit of match-making executed by an American lady of this order in brilliant style. Her eldest daughter had sailed from New York with friends for a tour of Europe, and after "doing" the Continent, had returned to the French capital for several months of rest, and, being pleasing, attractive, and clever, she had many suitors, some more, some less, desirable.

She could not marry them all, so she adroitly reduced the number to two—the best of the lot, of course. Then she wrote home to her mamma, explaining the exact situation of affairs, adding that they were both so handsome, agreeable, well-connected, and rich that she could not decide between them, and closed with the question "What shall I do?"

Ten days later she received a cablegram from mamma, "I sail to-morrow. Hold both till I come."

The next Transatlantic steamer brought Mrs. Black, with her second daughter, just turned eighteen, and fresh from school. On her arrival the old lady at once took the helm, and steered so deftly through the dangerous waters, that in a few weeks she had reached port with all colours flying. To drop metaphor, she attended the weddings of her two daughters at the American chapel on the same morning. After due examination she had decided that neither of the two nice fellows should go out of the family.

THE FIRST ROTHSCHILD IN ENGLAND.

SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON wrote the following letter, dated 1834:—

"We dined yesterday at Ham House, to meet the Rothschilds; and very amusing it was. He (Rothschild) told us his life and adventures. He was the third son of the banker at Frankfurt.

"There was not," he said, "room enough for us all in that city. I dealt in English goods. One great trader came there, who had the market to himself; he was quite the great man, and did us a favour if he sold us goods. Somehow I offended him, and he refused to show me his patterns. This was on a Tuesday. I said to my father, 'I will go to England.'"

"I could speak nothing but German. On the Thursday I started. The nearer I got to England the cheaper goods were. As soon as I got to Manchester I laid out all my money, things were so cheap, and I made good profit.

"I soon found that there were three profits—the raw material, the dyeing, and the manufacturing. I said to the manufacturer, 'I will supply you with material and dye, and you supply me with manufactured goods.' So I got three profits instead of one, and I could sell goods cheaper than anybody. In a short time I made my £20,000 into £60,000. My success all turned on one maxim. I said, I can do what another man can, and so I am a match for the man with the patterns, and for all the rest of them.

"Another advantage I had; I was an off-hand man. I made a bargain at once. When I was settled in London the East India Company had £800,000 of gold to sell. I went to the sale and bought it all. I knew the Duke of Wellington must have it. I had bought a great many of his bills at a discount. The Government sent for me and said they must have it. When they had got it they did not know how to get it to Portugal. I undertook all that, and I sent it through France, and that was the best business I ever did."

"Another maxim on which he seemed to place great reliance was never to have anything to do with an unlucky place or an unlucky man. 'I have seen,' said he, 'many clever men—very clever men—who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well, but fate is against them. They cannot get on themselves; how can they do good to me?' By the aid of these maxims he acquired three millions of money.

"I hope," said a friend of the millionaire, "that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusion of more important things. I am sure you would not wish that."

"Rothschild replied: 'I am sure I should wish that. I wish them to give mind, and soul, and heart, and body, and everything to business; that is the way to be happy.'"

"Stick to one business, young man," said he to Edward; "stick to your brewery, and you may be the great brewer of London. Be a brewer, and a banker, and a merchant, and a manufacturer, and you will soon be in the GAZETTE. One of my neighbours is a very ill-tempered man; he tries to vex me, and has built a great place for swine close to my walk. So, when I go out I hear first grunt, grunt, squeak, squeak; but this does me no harm. I am always in good humour. Sometimes to amuse myself I give a beggar a guinea. He thinks it is a mistake, and for fear I should find it out, off he runs as hard as he can. I advise you to give a beggar a guinea sometimes, it is very amusing."

"I forgot to say that soon after M. Rothschild came to England Bonaparte invaded Germany. 'The Prince of Hesse Cassel,' said Rothschild, 'gave my father his money; there was no time to be lost; he sent it to me. I had £600,000 arrive unexpectedly by the post; and I put it to such good use that the prince made me a present of all his wine and his linen.'"

At the Zoo the keeper gives the lion a large piece of meat.

Poet: "Does he get that often?"

Keeper: "He gets it regularly twice a day."

Poet (with clasped hands): "What a boon it would be if I could get a position as lion here!"

"PLEASE, sir, give me a stamp," she said at the post-office window the other day.

"Here it is, little girl," said the clerk.

She took it, and walked directly to the post-box and dropped it into the slit.

"Here—what did you do that for?" called the clerk.

"Please, sir, I dropped a letter in yesterday without any stamp on it, and that's to make up."

THE actors in Miss Fortescue's company are telling a rather amusing story about that lady's sister, who travelled with the organization when in America. When they were playing in Buffalo, the younger Miss Fortescue came one Wednesday morning to see the manager, and expressed a desire to run down that afternoon, with her mother, and visit Niagara Falls. The manager was afraid that some unforeseen delay might occur to prevent the lady's return in time for the evening performance, and he said:

"It would be quite useless for you to go to-day, the Falls are not visible on Wednesdays."

"Indeed! And why not?"

"They always turn the water off on Wednesdays."

"How extraordinary!" responded Miss Fortescue, and went away quite satisfied with the explanation.

PEARSON'S PIPE.

FULL particulars of this new invention, and of the valuable competitions open to purchasers, have appeared in our three last issues.

For the moment we have nothing to add except that the demand is phenomenal, and that the manufacture of the pipe on a very large scale is being pushed forward with all possible speed.

POPULAR PAPERS.

REPRINTED FROM PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

NOW READY,

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

POST FREE SEVENPENCE-HALFPENNY.

THE following are the papers dealt with:—

TIT-BITS. THE EXCHANGE AND MART. THE WAR CRY. THE STAR. THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER. THE DAILY CHRONICLE. THE CHRISTIAN WORLD. CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL. THE PEOPLE. PICK-ME-UP. TRUTH. PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

MEDICAL SUPERSTITIONS.

THERE is a certain luxury in terror of a mystical kind. When people moved about the world believing in witchcraft, evil eyes, love potions, or charms against the Spirit of Darkness, and thought to see the final dissolution of Nature in every thunderstorm, they were certainly less likely to be bored than they are to-day, for at least they were always being frightened. We fancy it was Mr. Ruskin who said, in one of those very expansive moments of his, when he does not always stay to weigh his words, that all healthy men are fond of running physical risks. We believe, however, that humanity has much more delight in supernatural terrors.

Suppose, for instance, every time an aged and decrepit crone of the lower classes, of dubious cleanliness and uncanny appearance, mounted into the same omnibus as ourselves we incurred a little spasm of fright lest she should be a witch, what fresh excitement would be added to all modern cheap modes of locomotion.

If her advent were followed by a sudden twinge of rheumatic gout in our knee, in spite of that most effectual remedy, a potato carried in the pocket to charm it away, we should no longer have any doubt on the subject, and should, after consulting the conductor and our fellow passengers, perhaps call in the aid of an expert in the black art.

Then, what opportunities of earning a livelihood those good old times afforded! With no other equipment than a little practice and a good deal of natural peevishness of temper, the most useless and idle person might gain distinction and emolument as a witch-finder, who is now obliged, perhaps, to seek a precarious living as a fortune-teller.

Of course the picture has a reverse, and to live in the Middle Ages was not always to dwell in fairyland. There was the mediæval leech to be faced. Of all superstitions, medical ones are perhaps the most endowed with most vitality. People of all times and all ages, including even those of the nineteenth century, of which we are all so proud, have always attached too much importance to the opinions of their medical men. Probably physicians of the future will smile at the childish faith reposed by the public to-day in the efficacy of not a few drugs now considered ornaments of the modern pharmacopœia.

Physicians were honoured and respected in the time of Charles II., but when we read Macaulay's account of the death-bed of that monarch we scarcely think the confidence was deserved. We learn how "hot iron was applied to his head and a loathsome volatile salt, extracted from human skulls, was forced into his mouth." Fourteen lights of contemporary science gathered round his bed to wrangle over his treatment and embitter his last moments.

But the Middle Ages was the time for the currency of pure and unadulterated medical superstitions. The mediæval doctor must have added another terror to death, as his advice certainly increased its probability in illness. If the danger of his attendance had been realised, physicians of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries would, no doubt, have been included amongst the other visitations against which in her prayers the Church sought the interposition of Providence.

There were many wonderful cures for and protection against fever. One of the most unpleasant of these was to enclose a green frog in a bag and hang it round the sufferer's neck. Many marvellous cures were believed to be wrought thus. In some modern constitutions it would have produced convulsions, but no doubt our ancestors were made of sterner stuff. To wear a dead man's bones was thought an excellent specific.

To eat the first Easter daisy that could be found, and receive the Benediction in three different parishes on the same Sunday, was a still more potent remedy. To steal a cabbage from a neighbour's garden and hang it on a hook to dry was another cure, and one certainly within the means of the poorest patient. A toad choked to death on the eve of St. John's Day was possessed of even still more virtue, as is evident at first sight by the extreme unpleasantness of the operation.

The toad played a still more prominent part than the frog in mediæval medicine. The vulgar have always been ready to estimate the value of a remedy by its nastiness to taste, scent, or sight. This is why, possibly, mediæval practitioners deemed that unfortunate reptile an antidote especially provided by Providence for various diseases. When we recall the ingredients of the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth* we are afforded, as it were, a bird's-eye view of the pharmacopœia of the contemporaries of the Conqueror. The water in a toad's brain was deemed a most efficient remedy in illness about the same period.

There were cures for mental failings as well as bodily afflictions. To stick pins in a dead man's shoes, or to carry about in the pocket a wolf's tooth or eye, or, if it were handy, to ride upon a boar, were all—especially the latter—cures for cowardice. A sovereign cure for toothache was to apply a dead man's tooth to the suffering jaw of the living. For epilepsy the remedies were many and peculiar; one was to wear a medal bearing the names of Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar.

SOMETHING NEW AND
STRANGE.

Under this heading we publish brief accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

A SYSTEM of electric cabs has been introduced in Stuttgart, with very great success.

We have long been familiar with indoor roller skating, but that with steel blades is decidedly new. We are promised a rink this summer at Westminster, formed of a permanent artificial substance resembling ice. Visitors will be able to get into good form for the winter months.

DR. LEHNER, of Augsburg, is said to have solved the problem of making artificial silk. He declares that it costs only one-fourth as much as natural silk; that its elasticity, lustre, and feeling to the touch are at least equal to those of the latter, but that its strength is only two thirds as great.

SOME time ago a proposal was made to construct a ship canal through France to convey vessels from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean without their having to go round by way of Gibraltar. This proposal was, however, given up on account of the great cost. It is now reported that a special committee has been formed at Bordeaux, which proposes to replace the ship canal by a ship railway 280 miles in length, similar to the one in Canada, which was described in our Christmas number.

EVERY day finds some new invention applied to cycles, and we are now promised a "spokeless" wheel. Mr. G. W. Dougan, a Newcastle man, is to be credited with this new idea. His plan is to use two discs of very thin steel, fastened by rivets to the rim of the wheel, and mounted on an axle having a right and a left-hand thread cut on the part passing through the centre of the discs, or, rather, through the hubs to which the discs are riveted. By turning the axle, the hubs can be forced apart, and tension put upon the discs, so much that it will be impossible for the wheel to become untrue, while the air resistance, compared to a wheel with many spokes, will be reduced to a minimum. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, however, and when we have been astride a spokeless wheel, we shall be able to judge of its advisability.

SOMEBODY has invented a new pianoforte keyboard. It is very short, which is due to the circumstance that the inventor, Mr. Von Janko, has piled the keys in a slope of six rows. To some extent the arrangement resembles the manuals of a large organ, which slope upwards and backwards, with this difference, that the keys are placed more closely together, and that their disposition with respect to the octave is totally altered. The lowest row, nearest the player, is tuned in whole tones, the semitones being found in the row above, which is also tuned in whole tones, but one semitone higher. For a chromatic passage, therefore, the player must employ two rows of keys. The advantages claimed for the new contrivance are that the octave is more easily spanned, that greater facility for fingering is provided, that the clavier lends itself more readily to the structure of the hands, and that passages capable of being played only in an arpeggio fashion may be reproduced in full chords. At the same time the most expert pianist in the world would find difficulty in the manipulation of such a novelty, without laborious practice, but the new instrument will be publicly tried shortly.

FANCY being able to see through a brick wall! It can be done, according to a professor of conjuring, Dr. Lynn, who has been astonishing Belfast audiences by allowing them to peep through his wonderful telescope. This optical delusion is described by a visitor as follows:—"The arrangement consists of two short telescopes, about nine inches in length, mounted on a stand one in front of the other, with an inch dividing them. After placing the glass to the sight I could see through both glasses distinctly a considerable distance down Royal Avenue (Belfast), with its ever-moving traffic. Fancy my surprise when the doctor inserted a book in the aperture dividing the glasses, and on looking through it again I found it in no way intercepted the vision, and when I placed my hand over the front of the glass, the effect was the same as before. Had my time permitted, the doctor was going to place one glass on a bracket on the wall of the adjoining room, and the glass directly opposite on a similar bracket in the room in which we stood, and see right through the wall all that was going on in the next room. He further informed me that it was the only glass of its kind in existence, that I was one of the privileged few who had ever seen it, that with the exception of the individual who helped in its construction no one on earth knew the secret, and that it baffled the most scientific opticians of the day. He invited me to come and see him again and find it out, and I accepted his invitation, but am not sanguine about earning the £100 he generously offered me in case I discovered the secret.

THE latest Parisian novelty in gloves has a small purse inserted in the palm, wherein women can carry their railway tickets and small coins.

SOME Prussian engineers are about to build the longest bridge in the world. It will be all of wood, and will be situated on the estate of Prince Radziwill, in East Prussia. Its length will be exactly a German mile—that is, four and three-fifths English miles.

AUTOMATIC machines are the order of the day, and we shall soon be in a position to make our own stockings. This novelty originates from Mr. Wrightson, of Philadelphia, who has so arranged a contrivance that, without any interference upon the part of the operator, but simply by its own action, the machine, once started, goes from the leg to the heel, completes the heel and the foot, and then forms the toe. There is an extra thread for the heel and toe, and this is run in automatically without stopping the machine. The machine has four feeds, and may be worked with cotton, wool, or worsted, in all gauges up to the finest.

AMERICA is the land of big things, and it is not surprising to find that it is there we shall have to look for the biggest hotel in the world. This is now in course of erection at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, New York. The depth of the excavation for the foundation ranges from twenty-two to forty feet. This has been necessary so as to have a rock basis, the rock being blasted to render it even. The new hotel will have seventeen storeys, and will be 225 feet high. The site is 100 feet on Fifth Avenue by 155 feet deep on Fifty-ninth Street. The plans were prepared by Mr. W. H. Hume, architect. The building will cost about a quarter of a million sterling, and will take two years to construct.

It is not everybody who, having the misfortune to be wrecked upon a desert island, can fall to and subsist upon mineral substances. A West Indian, named James Grant, has, however, found brick-bats and old boots to be as easily digestible as plain bread-and-butter. This young man, who is known as the "Human Ostrich," first discovered his capacity for eating when he was wrecked upon Cat Island, off San Salvador. He then lived for four days on sand and shells. Since then he has taken to eating glass, coal, coke, oyster-shells, rags, old boots, bricks, paper, hay, and carbolic soap for a living, drinking only cold water. He also drinks any sort of oil, benzine, turpentine, kerosene, etc. He has a regular meal once every other day only, which consists simply of a slice of bread-and-butter and a cup of tea. He has no aches or pains, and sleeps well.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS
OF MEN.

THE Duchess of Albany contemplates re-marrying.

MRS. HODGSON BURNETT, author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," makes nearly £4,000 per annum by her pen.

THE Empress of Russia has not lost her taste for dancing, but indulges in that pastime nearly as freely as she did in her youth, when her devotion to it won her the name among her friends of "the grasshopper."

MISS HELEN JAY GOULD, daughter of the multi-millionaire, once had a strong inclination to teach. She felt it to be her mission in life, and was being trained by a proficient college graduate, when her mother's death caused her to take charge of the household. She is not a housekeeper merely in name, but spends the energy which her wealth will not allow her to use for the public, in overseeing every detail of her home and keeping an accurate account of every penny expended.

CAPTAIN ZALINSKI, the inventor of the dynamite gun, which some people expect to revolutionise naval warfare, is a Prussian by birth. He was born in Silesia, and his parents were of Polish extraction. As, however, he left his native land when he was but two years old, and has lived in America ever since, he claims and desires to be thought of only as an American. He has served for several years in the military and naval services, and is a close student of all military literature. He is a man of about the middle height. His face expresses kindness, but also determination. He has the soft manners that often distinguish men of iron, and has all the unaffectedness of the American gentleman. He is quite modest, and rarely speaks about his inventions.

CARDINAL MANNING's residence in Westminster, a ponderous, uninviting-looking building, lying between the Vauxhall Bridge Road and the Army and Navy Stores, was originally built as a club and institute for the privates of the Guards. It was acquired for its present purpose in consequence of its convenient proximity to the site of the proposed cathedral, where Tothill Fields prison formerly stood. Cardinal Manning is the first occupant of the house. His predecessor, Cardinal Wiseman, lived in York Place, Marylebone. Among the contents of the "Archbishop's House" are a large number of relics, including a mitre which belonged to Thomas à Becket and an interesting series of portraits of the heads of the Roman Church in England from the Reformation to the present reign.

MR. EIFFEL, of Tower fame, is an expert amateur photographer.

MRS. TEMPLE, wife of the Bishop of London, has recently learned shorthand, and has obtained a certificate of proficiency from Mr. Pitman, who says that "her writing is both neat and accurate."

THE late Sir Richard Burton was a great drinker of green tea. He never imbibed anything else when travelling. He had great experience of African fevers, and his unfailing remedy for these was to drink a bottle of port and go to bed.

THE new Earl of Granville will never be without half-a-crown. Two years ago, while performing some conjuring tricks at Walmer, at a Christmas party, he concealed one of these coins in his mouth, and by mischance swallowed it. So far the half-crown has taken kindly to its new surroundings.

MRS. ARTHUR WILSON (of baccarat fame) has a house in Grosvenor Place, which is one of the most handsomely furnished residences in London. It is lighted by electricity, and has a suite of drawing-rooms with Louis XVI. furniture. The house contains a magnificent ball-room in Louis XV. style, hung with costly English silks.

THERE is a good story being told about the late Lord Beauchamp. A neighbour of his once brought a house-party to lunch at Madresfield Court. One of the guests—an American lady—immensely impressed with the beauties of the house and grounds, the splendid vineyard, etc., at last turned to her host and remarked, confidentially, "I guess you must have made a pile of money over those pills of yours."

GENERAL SIR HENRY PONSONBY, so well known as the Queen's private secretary, is a man above the middle height, with a shrewd, kindly face, grey hair, beginning to thin off, and a pointed beard. Sir Henry was born in Corfu, the son of a brave old soldier who had fought and had been wounded in the Battle of Waterloo. Sir Henry owes his present post largely to the notice taken of him by the Prince Consort. His Majesty never forgets those whom her husband has lighted to honour, and Sir Henry stood very high in the estimation of Prince Albert. He has held his post for twenty years. Every document or letter addressed to the Queen, save those marked "Private," has to pass through his hands before reaching the hands of her Majesty, and then Sir Henry has the daily task of making up that hotch-potch of names, entitled the COURT CIRCULAR, and transmitting it to the Lord Chamberlain, who is official responsible for its circulation. The General is no feather-bed officer, nor has he reached his present rank by royal favour only. He quitted himself like a man in the Crimea, but perhaps the hardest service he was ever in is that to which he now devotes his energies.

DOCTOR COPPINI, who has often visited Lord Salisbury at his château near Dieppe, contributes the following interesting sketch of the Premier and his family. The doctor has had special opportunities of studying the home life of the Salisbury family, as he was both instructor to the marquis' children and a personal friend of the distinguished nobleman himself:—

"I had been told," says the doctor, "that the Marquis of Salisbury was an unsociable, somewhat eccentric man, but I must say that I discovered him to be just the reverse. He is very tall, and broad-shouldered, and wears a heavy dark beard, in which grey hairs are beginning to show themselves. His hair is long and bald, but the upper part of his head is bald. His face is pleasing and kindly, despite the lurking gleam of malice in his eyes, and the curl which shows itself at the corners of his mouth.

"He was most courteous and affable to me. His conversations with me were singularly pleasant and confidential. The tone of his voice is sweet, and, as one would say, caressing.

"Lady Salisbury is remarkably handsome and stately, carrying herself with a dignity that has no exalted station. Her face is open, engaging, and luminous with intelligence, and instinct with good sense. She is possessed of great good sense, and is a woman of no ordinary judgment. She speaks French with the greatest ease.

"The eldest daughter, now Viscountess Walsingham, is a girl of a very serious turn of mind, and bade fair to develop into a distinguished woman. She had all the promise of her illustrious race. The youngest daughter is very wilful, and with a spice of playful malice in her disposition. Both could talk charmingly, and, what was better, talk upon almost anything.

"Lord Salisbury has five sons. The eldest, Lord Cranborne, was a very serious, earnest lad. Naturally he is destined to take part in public life. But, as his mother said to me, with a regretful sigh, 'Unfortunately he will be a lord.'

"The second son was an enthusiastic sportsman, a handsome and stalwart youth, full of life and action, sensible, and remarkable for a judgment which is rarely met with at his age. He has taken Holy Orders.

"The father is just as happy and bright in his disposition as his children, whose high spirits sometimes carry them away. The family is an exceptionally happy one."

HOW THE RICH LIVE. NO. IV. SOCIETY IN THE SEASON.

So soon as the first warm breath of spring breaks upon London, the fashionable world begins to foregather in the great metropolis. The magnificent mansions which stretch in unbroken course from Kensington to Mayfair, are always a matter for surprise and admiration to visitors from the country and abroad. And for choice of residence there are a great many people who pray with the gallant Captain Morris, that if they "must have a villa in summer to dwell," they may be given "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall."

If my lord does not possess a family town house, he must now look out for one to meet his taste and pocket, which habitation will cost him from £15 to £50 per week, according to accommodation; or his own residence, which has scarcely been inhabited for nine long months, has to be renovated and refurbished, and a train of male and female servants brought to town, followed by horses and carriages of all sorts and sizes. There is no anxiety of this sort, however, for bachelors. They live an unconventional life in rooms, or in that great home of celibacy, The Albany, Piccadilly, and take their meals at other peoples' houses, or at their clubs.

Having once settled down, there is no lack of methods of enjoyment for old and young. Indeed, from the first Spring Meeting at Newmarket until the final rendezvous at Goodwood, life is little else than a reiterative round of gaiety. Apart from race meetings, however, the fag of the season is not an unmixed pleasure, and it is accepted by many, not so much for the intrinsic pleasures it affords, as because it is one of the conventional modes of life common to society.

A late ride in the park begins the morning, followed by a round of shopping. In the afternoon the "red book" is brought into requisition for the purpose of making calls, which are generally concluded by an airing among the fashionable throng now gathered in Rotten Row. Evening brings the select dinner party, the ball, or the theatre, and this not once or twice a week, but day by day, in wearisome succession, without rest and without relief. Of course every theatre at which any play of note is being performed must be visited, and as each evening's amusement of this kind means an expenditure of at least five guineas for a private box, the sum thus expended soon totals up. For a special box at the Royal Italian Opera almost any sum may be given, and my lord's family will probably reserve one during the season for their own exclusive use.

Even Sunday to many brings only a change of pleasure instead of rest. River parties are very popular, and in full swing during the warm days, while tennis and croquet on suburban lawns are considered no infringement of Sabbatical laws. With the men it is not considered correct to go to church during the season. At his country home my lord attends church regularly in the morning, but in town there is no example to set! Besides, people get no homage paid them in London, unless they be celebrities. A rich man is only great when he is within shadow of his baronial portals; the moment he enters London he is hustled and jostled, and passes unnoticed among the million.

Yet to a great many, how to spend Sunday is still as much a vexed question as it was when the late Lord Lonsdale, Lord Bath, and other fashionable members of society, took a house at Richmond for the purpose of resorting thither to play cards as an excuse for the boredom of the day of rest.

Those who have not gone out of town are sure to be found either in the morning or the afternoon at the fashionable rendezvous in Hyde Park. The *beau monde* first begins to assemble at what is known as "Church Parade," a halo of sanctity being thrown over the name by the detection of sundry prayer-books among the fair sex. A few certainly take an airing after church; the majority, however, have just come from their downy couch.

A bright June morning, just when the day is at its prime, makes the shady paths of Rotten Row, with its magnificent flower-beds one blaze of colour, a sight without an equal in the wide world.

What pretty women are here, what fine, well-set-up men! Here dukes and duchesses, countesses and noble earls, lords and ladies, fair honourables and wealthy commoners, jog and jostle each other in the throng; the legislator, the law-maker, the popular comedian, the Royal Academician, the talented author, the playwright, the journalist, are to be descried one by one as they pass in and out, to and fro, laughing, joking, planning, plotting, all in the best of humours. Soon the groups disperse, bent upon the same errand—the satisfying of the inner man—some going on foot, others taking carriage, until Vanity Fair is for a time left deserted and desolate.

The afternoon sees each and every one upon a different errand. Some seek the shady groves of St. John's Wood to take a cup of tea in *atelier* or studio; others peregrinate towards Regent's Park and study primeval man at the Zoo.

Sunday evening dinners are quite a function in themselves, but are not like those of other days. My lord will not ask a bishop to dine with him, but he may ask a politician, an artist, or an author, and with them

discuss social, artistic, and literary topics of the hour. Many hosts and hostesses have a very decided objection to playing cards after dinner, and spend the time in light discussion, enlivened by music and recitations. If there is no party at the house, my lord will perhaps dine at his club, and my lady in her boudoir *à la tête* with a bosom companion.

Those who enjoy the London season most are undoubtedly the young *débutantes* and the bachelors—old and young. The former, of course, live under a paternal roof, and have to be reckoned with in the matter of expense. As to the single man, it is a question whether it is possible to live on a penny less than £1,000 a year if he spends the season in town, and only then if he be very careful and steady. To be comfortable he ought to have at his disposal at the very least three times that sum; and it is much better if he have free access up to £5,000 or £10,000. Money is easily spent in London, especially by a man who has many friends and a reputation for generosity. A supper at a club and a game of chance will often debit him a thousand at his bankers, and an unlucky race meeting will perhaps leave him as poor.

As to the heads of families, however, who have children, and the maintenance of London houses on their hands, the expenses are very different. A ball or dinner given to the cream of society is a very different undertaking altogether to one given to country folk at home. It is considered nothing for a man to spend from £200 to £500 in entertaining his friends for one evening, and he may have to do this twice or thrice before the season is ended. His daughters naturally expect some extra allowances to befit certain special occasions, and when the day of reckoning comes, he who has to pay the piper sits down a while and tries to comprehend the mysteries of modern millinery.

The Drawing Rooms and State functions are, of course, of great attraction to the fair, and always form the subject of much discussion and comment before and after. A *débutante's* presentation is a red-letter day in her life, and she must have a dress that will cost little short of £150 if she wants to outvie her rivals. There are many expenses besides this, however, and it seems a long price to pay from £150 to £250 in order to obtain the Queen's smile.

The florists reap a rich harvest during the London season. Though their days and nights are passed in the great wilderness of bricks and mortar, wealthy folk like to keep the memory of the country green in their hearts by lavish expenditure upon growing and cut flowers. Probably every window-ledge in the grand mansion will have its bank of brilliant blossoms, and the care and renewal of these will cost four or five pounds a week. Then there are the costly cut flowers for the dinner-table, and the giant palms and ferns, which combine with masses of orchids and other expensive blooms to turn the house, when there is a reception, into a veritable Eden. Altogether the florist's bill will amount to at least £500 for the three or four months.

The great racing function of the year is undoubtedly Ascot. Here one sees the "proudest aristocracy in the world" leaving the smoke and turmoil of the great metropolis, and finding a keen delight in Ascot's broad stretch of springy turf, clad in its bright green livery of budding trees. For it must not be supposed that those followers after fashion who appear to love the pleasures of London life more than all else, take not a keen delight in the unfoldings of nature.

To be one of a house party at Ascot is a pleasure indeed. Everything is unconventional and free, and is about as different to ordinary town life as can be.

My lord and lady take their chocolate in bed of a morning, or join the guests below, just as they feel fit. Luncheon is a merely formal meal, whether taken upon the coach or in the house, and one's only duty is to do justice to salmon mayonnaise, cold fowl and salad, the driest of champagne and the coolest of lemon squashes.

Of the mixed delights of racing I will say nothing, except that a man of means generally lets neither defeat nor victory affect his appetite. Evening brings always an enjoyable finish to the day, when guests have returned home tired and dusty, and have robed themselves for dinner. Experiences are then recounted across the board, contests are recited again and again, and the day's accounts are balanced and checked. And then come the postprandial songs or nigger minstrelsy, wherein loser and winner alike unite in a common jollity. What quiet rubbers at whist are there, and even sly flirtations under the benediction of the big yellow moon!

It is needless to say that a week at Ascot, especially for host and hostess, is no inexpensive undertaking. To rent a house in any favourite position means an outlay of from £200 to £400 for the race week, and I know one enterprising gentleman who built himself a snug villa on the heath, which is worth about £100 a year, and who lets the same, during the racing week, for a consideration of £200. Fancy cottage property in these bad times going at the rate of £150 per annum!

But this is not the only outlay. Servants of all sorts have to be dispatched, not forgetting that most useful and intelligent member of society, the *chef*, and he brings in his train an innumerable quantity of bar-trunks, boxes, and wine crates. To give a week's party at

Ascot during the races, if done in first class style, must necessarily mean an outlay of between £600 and £700.

Ascot is followed by another week's treat at Henley, which, like all other out-of-door functions, is solely dependant upon the weather for its success. What pleasanter way of spending a week for the lover of the water is there, than residing in a house-boat, decked from stem to stern in a profusion of summer flowers, snugly moored on the pleasant Berks shore?

Nowhere, not even at Venice, is there an aquatfo carnival to compare for picturesqueness and gaiety with our own Bohemia-on-Thames. All the world knows that delightful reach of the river on Cup Day, with all its noise and jollity and *ad fresco* freedom.

Then there are always little trips that can be made in or near London, either by coach or drag. A short drive brings one to St. John's Wood, where, in the carriage enclosure, one can watch the play at Lord's, and get back again in time to dress for dinner. Or the southern district may claim a livelier attraction in the pigeon-shooting pastures of Hurlingham, or in the social out-of-door club life of Barn Elms.

"Glorious Goodwood," kept to the last, like the best wine at a banquet, probably owes its name as much to its being a welcome rest to a pleasure-surfetted society as to the natural charms it affords. The salt sea-breeze blowing across the verdant uplands, the broad stretches of pasture, the bosky dells, and the delightful shade of the broad-spreading beeches are nature's kindly gifts to the overwrought votaries of fashion.

With Goodwood the season comes to an end. Some speed away to Scotland, where grouse, salmon, and red deer await them; some to fashionable resorts on the Continent, perchance to recuperate their wasted energies with sundry waters taken both internally and externally. Others, less favoured, are at least happy in getting away home again, among their own rural kith and kin; and it is here that those charming gossamer gowns and dream-like bonnets of the fair, which have hitherto passed unnoticed in a London crowd, become the admiration and envy of the country side.

THE other day a coroner kindly invited the jury to taste the poison by which the deceased had committed suicide. The pleasures of crowner's quest are evidently endless.

IRATE SQUIRE: "Hi! you, sir! You're fishing in my river. I demand what you've caught."

FISHERMAN: "All right, gov'nor. I've caught a cold, and I'm catching the rheumatics, and you're jolly welcome to both of 'em."

THE MOST LIBERAL RAILWAY INSURANCE EVER OFFERED.

Any number of claims made in one week recognised.

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Will be paid to whomsoever the Proprietors of this Paper may decide to be the Next-of-Kin of any person who is killed in an accident occurring within the United Kingdom to a Railway Train in which he or she may be travelling. This payment will be made subject to the conditions and regulations mentioned below.

Either a complete copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, or this notice, must be upon the person of the deceased at the time of the accident. The blank line in the middle of this notice must contain the usual signature of the deceased, written either in ink or pencil. Death must occur within twenty-four hours of the accident, and application for payment of the Insurance Money must be made to the Proprietors of this Paper within seven days of its occurrence. This offer is not extended to Railway Servants on duty. Five hundred pounds of the above sum will be paid by the

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This paper is on sale at all Newsagents and Bookstalls on Tuesday of each week, and a copy confers the benefits of this insurance system until midnight on the Tuesday following the date of publication. This offer is not confined to one claim, but will be paid for any number of individual cases. Not more than £1,000 will be paid on account of any one death.

Signature

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I hereby certify that the premium in respect of this insurance has been paid up to May 26th, 1891., and that therefore, every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this company against fatal railway accident to the extent and under the conditions mentioned above.

Richard T. P. P. P.
Secretary of the
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Corporation, Limited

SOMETHING NEW AND
STRANGE.

Under this heading we publish brief accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

A SYSTEM of electric cabs has been introduced in Stuttgart, with very great success.

We have long been familiar with indoor roller skating, but that with steel blades is decidedly new. We are promised a rink this summer at Westminster, formed of a permanent artificial substance resembling ice. Visitors will be able to get into good form for the winter months.

DR. LEHNER, of Augsburg, is said to have solved the problem of making artificial silk. He declares that it costs only one-fourth as much as natural silk; that its elasticity, lustre, and feeling to the touch are at least equal to those of the latter, but that its strength is only two thirds as great.

SOME time ago a proposal was made to construct a ship canal through France to convey vessels from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean without their having to go round by way of Gibraltar. This proposal was, however, given up on account of the great cost. It is now reported that a special committee has been formed at Bordeaux, which proposes to replace the ship canal by a ship railway 280 miles in length, similar to the one in Canada, which was described in our Christmas number.

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SOME Prussian engineers are about to build the longest bridge in the world. It will be all of wood, and will be situated on the estate of Prince Radzwill, in East Prussia. Its length will be exactly a German mile—that is, four and three-fifths English miles.

AUTOMATIC machines are the order of the day, and we shall soon be in a position to make our own stockings. This novelty originates from Mr. Wrightson, of Philadelphia, who has so arranged a contrivance that, without any interference upon the part of the operator, but simply by its own action, the machine, once started, goes from the leg to the heel, completes the heel and the foot, and then forms the toe. There is an extra thread for the heel and toe, and this is run in automatically without stopping the machine. The machine has four feeds, and may be worked with cotton, wool, or worsted, in all gauges up to the finest.

AMERICA is the land of big things, and it is not surprising to find that it is there we shall have to look for the biggest hotel in the world. This is now in course of erection at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, New York. The depth of the excavation for the foundation ranges from twenty-two to forty feet. This has been necessary so as to have a rock basis, the rock being blasted to render it even. The new hotel will have seventeen storeys, and will be 225 feet high. The site is 100 feet on Fifth Avenue by 155 feet deep on Fifty-ninth Street. The plans were prepared by Mr. W. H. Hume, architect. The building will cost about a quarter of a million sterling, and will take two years to construct.

It is not everybody who, having the misfortune to be wrecked upon a desert island, can fall to and subsist upon mineral substances. A West Indian, named James Grant, has, however, found brick-bats and old boots to be as easily digestible as plain bread-and-butter. This young man, who is known as the "Human Ostrich," first discovered his capacity for eating when he was wrecked upon Cat Island, off San Salvador. He then lived for four days on sand and shells. Since then he has taken to eating glass, coal, coke, oyster-shells, rags, old boots, bricks, paper, hay, and carbolic soap for a living, drinking only cold water. He also drinks any sort of oil, benzine, turpentine, kerosene, etc. He has a regular meal once every other day only, which consists simply of a slice of bread-and-butter and a cup of tea. He has no aches or pains, and sleeps well.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS
OF MEN.

THE Duchess of Albany contemplates re-marrying.

MRS. HODGSON BURNETT, author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," makes nearly £4,000 per annum by her pen.

THE Empress of Russia has not lost her taste for dancing, but indulges in that pastime nearly as freely as she did in her youth, when her devotion to it won her the name among her friends of "the grasshopper."

MISS HELEN JAY GOULD, daughter of the multi-millionaire, once had a strong inclination to teach. She felt it to be her mission in life, and was being trained by a proficient college graduate, when her mother's death caused her to take charge of the household. She is not a housekeeper merely in name, but spends the energy which her wealth will not allow her to use for the public, in overseeing every detail of her home and keeping an accurate account of every penny expended.

CAPTAIN ZALINSKI, the inventor of the dynamite gun, which some people expect to revolutionise naval warfare, is a Prussian by birth. He was born in Silesia, and his parents were of Polish extraction. As, however, he left his native land when he was but two years old, and has lived in America ever since, he claims and desires to be thought of only as an American. He has served for several years in the military and naval services, and is a close student of all military literature. He is a man of about the middle height. His face expresses kindness, but also determination. He has the soft manners that often distinguish men of iron, and has all the unaffectedness of the American gentleman. He is quite modest, and rarely speaks about his inventions.

CARDINAL MANNING's residence in Westminster, a ponderous, uninviting-looking building, lying between the Vauxhall Bridge Road and the Army and Navy Stores, was originally built as a club and institute for the privates of the Guards. It was acquired for its present purpose in consequence of its convenient proximity to the site of the proposed cathedral, where Tothill Fields prison formerly stood. Cardinal Manning is the first occupant of the house. His predecessor, Cardinal Wiseman, lived in York Place, Marylebone. Among the contents of the "Archbishop's House" are a large number of relics, including a mitre which belonged to Thomas à Becket and an interesting series of portraits of the heads of the Roman Church in England from the Reformation to the present reign.

MR. EFFEL, of Tower fame, is an expert amateur photographer.

MRS. TEMPLE, wife of the Bishop of London, has recently learned shorthand, and has obtained a certificate of proficiency from Mr. Pitman, who says that "her writing is both neat and accurate."

THE late Sir Richard Burton was a 'great drinker of green tea. He never imbibed anything else when travelling. He had great experience of African fevers, and his unfailing remedy for these was to drink a bottle of port and go to bed.

THE new Earl of Granville will never be without half-a-crown. Two years ago, while performing some conjuring tricks at Walmer, at a Christmas party, he concealed one of these coins in his mouth, and by mischance swallowed it. So far the half-crown has taken kindly to its new surroundings.

MRS. ARTHUR WILSON (of baccarat fame) has a house in Grosvenor Place, which is one of the most handsomely furnished residences in London. It is lighted by electricity, and has a suite of drawing-rooms with Louis XVI. furniture. The house contains a magnificent ball-room in Louis XV. style, hung with costly English silks.

THERE is a good story being told about the late Lord Beauchamp. A neighbour of his once brought a house party to lunch at Madresfield Court. One of the guests—an American lady—immensely impressed with the beauties of the house and grounds, the splendid vinery, etc., at last turned to her host and remarked, confidentially, "I guess you must have made a pile of money over those pills of yours."

GENERAL SIR HENRY PONSONBY, so well known as the Queen's private secretary, is a man above the middle height, with a shrewd, kindly face, grey hair, beginning to thin off, and a pointed beard. Sir Henry was born in Corfu, the son of a brave old soldier who had fought and had been wounded in the Battle of Waterloo. Sir Henry owes his present post largely to the notice taken of him by the Prince Consort. Her Majesty never forgets those whom her husband delighted to honour, and Sir Henry stood very high in the estimation of Prince Albert. He has held his post for twenty years. Every document or letter addressed to the Queen, save those marked "Private," has to pass through his hands before reaching the hands of her Majesty, and then Sir Henry has the daily bother of making up that hotch-potch of names, entitled the COURT CIRCULAR, and transmitting it to the London official responsible for its circulation. The General is no feather-bed officer, nor has he reached his present rank by royal favour only. He quitted himself like a man in the Crimea, but perhaps the hardest service he was ever in is that to which he now devotes his energies.

DOCTOR COPPINI, who has often visited Lord Salisbury at his château near Dieppe, contributes the following interesting sketch of the Premier and his family. The doctor has had special opportunities of studying the home life of the Salisbury family, as he was both instructor to the marquises' children and a personal friend of the distinguished nobleman himself:—

"I had been told," says the doctor, "that the Marquis of Salisbury was an unsociable, somewhat cynical, man, but I must say that I discovered him to be just the reverse. He is very tall, and broad-shouldered, and wears a heavy dark beard, in which grey hairs are beginning to show themselves. His hair is long behind, but the upper part of his head is bald. His face is pleasing and kindly, despite the lurking gleam of malice in his eyes, and the curl which shows itself in the corners of his mouth.

"He was most courteous and affable to me. His conversations with me were singularly pleasant and confidential. The tone of his voice is sweet, almost, one would say, caressing.

"Lady Salisbury is remarkably handsome and stately, carrying herself with a dignity that befits her exalted station. Her face is open, engagingly frank, luminous with intelligence, and instinct with goodness. She is possessed of great good sense, and is a woman of no ordinary judgment. She speaks French with the greatest ease.

"The eldest daughter, now Viscountess Wolmer, was a girl of a very serious turn of mind, and bade fair to develop into a distinguished woman. She had all the promise of her illustrious race. The youngest was very wilful, and with a spice of playful malice in her disposition. Both could talk charmingly, and, what was better, talk upon almost anything.

"Lord Salisbury has five sons. The eldest, Lord Cranborne, was a very serious, earnest lad. Naturally, he is destined to take part in public life. But, as his mother said to me, with a regretful sigh, 'Unfortunately he will be a lord.'

"The second son was an enthusiastic sportsman, a handsome and stalwart youth, full of life and action, sensible, and remarkable for a judgment which is rarely met with at his age. He has taken Holy Orders.

"The father is just as happy and bright in his disposition as his children, whose high spirits sometimes carry them away. The family is an exceptionally happy one."

HOW THE RICH LIVE. NO. IV.

SOCIETY IN THE SEASON.

So soon as the first warm breath of spring breaks upon London, the fashionable world begins to foregather in the great metropolis. The magnificent mansions which stretch in unbroken course from Kensington to Mayfair, are always a matter for surprise and admiration to visitors from the country and abroad. And for choice of residence there are a great many people who pray with the gallant Captain Morris, that if they "must have a villa in summer to dwell," they may be given "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall."

If my lord does not possess a family town house, he must now look out for one to meet his taste and pocket, which habitation will cost him from £15 to £50 per week, according to accommodation; or his own residence, which has scarcely been inhabited for nine long months, has to be renovated and refurbished, and a train of male and female servants brought to town, followed by horses and carriages of all sorts and sizes. There is no anxiety of this sort, however, for bachelors. They live an unconventional life in rooms, or in that great home of celibacy, The Albany, Piccadilly, and take their meals at other peoples' houses, or at their clubs.

Having once settled down, there is no lack of methods of enjoyment for old and young. Indeed, from the first Spring Meeting at Newmarket until the final rendezvous at Goodwood, life is little else than a reiterative round of gaiety. Apart from race meetings, however, the fag of the season is not an unmixt pleasure, and it is accepted by many, not so much for the intrinsic pleasures it affords, as because it is one of the conventional modes of life common to society.

A late ride in the park begins the morning, followed by a round of shopping. In the afternoon the "red book" is brought into requisition for the purpose of making calls, which are generally concluded by an airing among the fashionable throng now gathered in Rotten Row. Evening brings the select dinner party, the ball, or the theatre, and this not once or twice a week, but day by day, in wearisome succession, without rest and without relief. Of course every theatre at which any play of note is being performed must be visited, and as each evening's amusement of this kind means an expenditure of at least five guineas for a private box, the sum thus expended soon totals up. For a special box at the Royal Italian Opera almost any sum may be given, and my lord's family will probably reserve one during the season for their own exclusive use.

Even Sunday to many brings only a change of pleasure instead of rest. River parties are very popular, and in full swing during the warm days, while tennis and croquet on suburban lawns are considered no infringement of Sabbatical laws. With the men it is not considered correct to go to church during the season. At his country home my lord attends church regularly in the morning, but in town there is no example to set! Besides, people get no homage paid them in London, unless they be celebrities. A rich man is only great when he is within shadow of his baronial portals; the moment he enters London he is hustled and jostled, and passes unnoticed among the million.

Yet to a great many, how to spend Sunday is still as much a vexed question as it was when the late Lord Lonsdale, Lord Bath, and other fashionable members of society, took a house at Richmond for the purpose of resorting thither to play cards as an excuse for the boredom of the day of rest.

Those who have not gone out of town are sure to be found either in the morning or the afternoon at the fashionable rendezvous in Hyde Park. The *beau monde* first begins to assemble at what is known as "Church Parade," a halo of sanctity being thrown over the name by the detection of sundry prayer-books among the fair sex. A few certainly take an airing after church; the majority, however, have just come from their downy couch.

A bright June morning, just when the day is at its prime, makes the shady paths of Rotten Row, with its magnificent flower-beds one blaze of colour, a sight without an equal in the wide world.

What pretty women are here, what fine, well-set-up men! Here dukes and duchesses, countesses and noble earls, lords and ladies, fair honourables and wealthy commoners, jog and jostle each other in the throng; the legislator, the law-maker, the popular comedian, the Royal Academician, the talented author, the playwright, the journalist, are to be descried one by one as they pass in and out, to and fro, laughing, joking, planning, plotting, all in the best of humours. Soon the groups disperse, bent upon the same errand—the satisfying of the inner man—some going on foot, others taking carriage, until Vanity Fair is for a time left deserted and desolate.

The afternoon sees each and every one upon a different errand. Some seek the shady groves of St. John's Wood to take a cup of tea in *atelier* or studio; others peregrinate towards Regent's Park and study primeval man at the Zoo.

Sunday evening dinners are quite a function in themselves, but are not like those of other days. My lord will not ask a bishop to dine with him, but he may ask a politician, an artist, or an author, and with them

discuss social, artistic, and literary topics of the hour. Many hosts and hostesses have a very decided objection to playing cards after dinner, and spend the time in light discussion, enlivened by music and recitations. If there is no party at the house, my lord will perhaps dine at his club, and my lady in her boudoir *à la carte* with a bosom companion.

Those who enjoy the London season most are undoubtedly the young *débutantes* and the bachelors—old and young. The former, of course, live under a paternal roof, and have to be reckoned with in the matter of expense. As to the single man, it is a question whether it is possible to live on a penny less than £1,000 a year if he spends the season in town, and only then if he be very careful and steady. To be comfortable he ought to have at his disposal at the very least three times that sum; and it is much better if he have free access up to £5,000 or £10,000. Money is easily spent in London, especially by a man who has many friends and a reputation for generosity. A supper at a club and a game of chance will often debit him a thousand at his bankers, and an unlucky race meeting will perhaps leave him as poor.

As to the heads of families, however, who have children, and the maintenance of London houses on their hands, the expenses are very different. A ball or dinner given to the cream of society is a very different undertaking altogether to one given to country folk at home. It is considered nothing for a man to spend from £200 to £500 in entertaining his friends for one evening, and he may have to do this twice or thrice before the season is ended. His daughters naturally expect some extra allowances to befit certain special occasions, and when the day of reckoning comes, he who has to pay the piper sits down a while and tries to comprehend the mysteries of modern millinery.

The Drawing Rooms and State functions are, of course, of great attraction to the fair, and always form the subject of much discussion and comment before and after. A *débutante's* presentation is a red-letter day in her life, and she must have a dress that will cost little short of £150 if she wants to outvie her rivals. There are many expenses besides this, however, and it seems a long price to pay from £150 to £250 in order to obtain the Queen's smile.

The florists reap a rich harvest during the London season. Though their days and nights are passed in the great wilderness of bricks and mortar, wealthy folk like to keep the memory of the country green in their hearts by lavish expenditure upon growing and cut flowers. Probably every window-ledge in the grand mansion will have its bank of brilliant blossoms, and the care and renewal of these will cost four or five pounds a week. Then there are the costly cut flowers for the dinner-table, and the giant palms and ferns, which combine with masses of orchids and other expensive blooms to turn the house, when there is a reception, into a veritable Eden. Altogether the florist's bill will amount to at least £500 for the three or four months.

The great racing function of the year is undoubtedly Ascot. Here one sees the "proudest aristocracy in the world" leaving the smoke and turmoil of the great metropolis, and finding a keen delight in Ascot's broad stretch of springy turf, clad in its bright green livery of budding trees. For it must not be supposed that those followers after fashion who appear to love the pleasures of London life more than all else, take not a keen delight in the unfoldings of nature.

To be one of a house party at Ascot is a pleasure indeed. Everything is unconventional and free, and is about as different to ordinary town life as can be.

My lord and lady take their chocolate in bed of a morning, or join the guests below, just as they feel fit. Luncheon is a merely formal meal, whether taken upon the coach or in the house, and one's only duty is to do justice to salmon mayonnaise, cold fowl and salad, the driest of champagne and the coolest of lemon squashes.

Of the mixed delights of racing I will say nothing, except that a man of means generally lets neither defeat nor victory affect his appetite. Evening brings always an enjoyable finish to the day, when guests have returned home tired and dusty, and have robed themselves for dinner. Experiences are then recounted across the board, contests are recited again and again, and the day's accounts are balanced and checked. And then come the postprandial songs or nigger minstrelsy, wherein loser and winner alike unite in a common jollity. What quiet rubbers at whist are there, and even sly flirtations under the benediction of the big yellow moon!

It is needless to say that a week at Ascot, especially for host and hostess, is no inexpensive undertaking. To rent a house in any favourite position means an outlay of from £200 to £400 for the race week, and I know one enterprising gentleman who built himself a snug villa on the heath, which is worth about £100 a year, and who lets the same, during the racing week, for a consideration of £300. Fancy cottage property in these bad times going at the rate of £15,000 per annum!

But this is not the only outlay. Servants of all sorts have to be dispatched, not forgetting that most useful and intelligent member of society, the *chef*, and he brings in his train an innumerable quantity of baskets, boxes, and wine crates. To give a week's party at

Ascot during the races, if done in first class style, must necessarily mean an outlay of between £600 and £700.

Ascot is followed by another week's treat at Henley, which, like all other out-of-door functions, is solely dependant upon the weather for its success. What pleasanter way of spending a week for the lover of the water is there, than residing in a house-boat, decked from stem to stern in a profusion of summer flowers, snugly moored on the pleasant Berks shore?

Nowhere, not even at Venice, is there an aquatic carnival to compare for picturesqueness and gaiety with our own Bohemia-on-Thames. All the world knows that delightful reach of the river on Cup Day, with all its noise and jollity and *à fresco* freedom.

Then there are always little trips that can be made in or near London, either by coach or drag. A short drive brings one to St. John's Wood, where, in the carriage enclosure, one can watch the play at Lord's, and get back again in time to dress for dinner. Or the southern district may claim a livelier attraction in the pigeon-shooting pastures of Hurlingham, or in the social out-of-door club life of Barn Elms.

"Glorious Goodwood," kept to the last, like the best wine at a banquet, probably owes its name as much to its being a welcome rest to a pleasure-surfeited society as to the natural charms it affords. The salt sea-breeze blowing across the verdant uplands, the broad stretches of pasture, the bosky dells, and the delightful shade of the broad-spreading beeches are nature's kindly gifts to the overwrought votaries of fashion.

With Goodwood the season comes to an end. Some speed away to Scotland, where grouse, salmon, and red deer await them; some to fashionable resorts on the Continent, perchance to recuperate their wasted energies with sundry waters taken both internally and externally. Others, less favoured, are at least happy in getting away home again, among their own rural kith and kin; and it is here that those charming gossamer gowns and dream-like bonnets of the fair, which have hitherto passed unnoticed in a London crowd, become the admiration and envy of the country side.

THE other day a coroner kindly invited the jury to taste the poison by which the deceased had committed suicide. The pleasures of crowner's quest are evidently endless.

IRATE SQUIRE: "Hi! you, sir! You're fishing in my river. I demand what you've caught."

FISHERMAN: "All right, gov'nor. I've caught a cold, and I'm catching the rheumatics, and you're jolly welcome to both of 'em."

THE MOST LIBERAL RAILWAY INSURANCE EVER OFFERED.

Any number of claims made in one week recognised.

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Will be paid to whomsoever the Proprietors of this Paper may decide to be the Next-of-Kin of any person who is killed in an accident occurring within the United Kingdom to a Railway Train in which he or she may be travelling. This payment will be made subject to the conditions and regulations mentioned below.

Either a complete copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, or this notice, must be upon the person of the deceased at the time of the accident. The blank line in the middle of this notice must contain the usual signature of the deceased, written either in ink or pencil. Death must occur within twenty-four hours of the accident, and application for payment of the Insurance Money must be made to the Proprietors of this Paper within seven days of its occurrence. This offer is not extended to Railway Servants on duty. Five hundred pounds of the above sum will be paid by the

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ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED,
Mansion House Buildings, London, E.C.,
and a further sum of £500 will be paid by the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

This paper is on sale at all Newsagents and Bookstalls on Tuesday of each week, and a copy confers the benefits of this insurance system until midnight on the Tuesday following the date of publication. This offer is not confined to one claim, but will hold good for any number of individual cases. Not more than £1,000 will be paid on account of any one death.

Signatures.....

Available until midnight, April 28th, 1891.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of this insurance has been paid up to May 26th, 1891., and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this company against fatal railway accident, to the extent and under the conditions mentioned above.

N. T. Paul
Secretary of the
Ocean Accident & Guarantee
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IN A TRAMCAR.

THERE were eighteen men and one undersized boy seated in the tramcar which went from Westminster Bridge to Clapham. The ladies began to get in as we reached the Canterbury Hall, and the men rose one by one and gave up their seats. It was late in the evening. At last, when we reached the Horns, Kennington, there were eighteen ladies, one large old gentleman, and the undersized boy occupying seats in that car, while a row of able-bodied men stood.

For the last hundred yards I had noticed that the old gentleman was watching the undersized boy, who sat right opposite to him. I had also noticed that the more the old gentleman watched the redder he grew in the face, and the tighter his collar seemed to fit him.

The boy was not watching the old gentleman. He sat with his hands in his pockets, fidgeting upon his seat. From time to time he whistled a little, in a penetrating undertone. As each lady entered the car he bestowed on her a prolonged and particular stare that would have been a notable performance for a masher in any theatre. But he had not observed the old gentleman.

At Kennington Gate two more ladies got into the tramcar. The old gentleman instantly rose, and, with a courtly bow, offered his seat to the first of the two. Then he glanced round, as though he were looking for a seat for the other one, and his eyes fell upon the boy. A look of ready-made surprise came upon his face, succeeded by an expression of grief and indignation.

"William!" he shouted, as he grasped the boy by his coat collar, "William, get up this instant and give your seat to the lady. Great goodness! that I should live to see a boy of mine sitting and whistling while a lady is standing! What will your poor old mother say when I tell her this? William," he continued, sadly, yet sternly, "I am going to teach you here and now never to disgrace my name again."

Still holding the boy by the collar, he backed up against the door frame and elevated one broad knee. The boy had just time to gasp, "I ain't no boy of yours!" when he found himself lying face downwards across that knee, in the very vortex and maelstrom of one of the grandest and most symmetrical whackings ever administered in this or any other age. Those who witnessed the exhibition of agility and science were of opinion that the old gentleman was well preserved for his years.

The performance was thorough, but it was also rapid. It was over before the boy had succeeded in repeating his original statement three times, in three different keys. Then the old gentleman sat the boy on the floor; and the conductor, who was evidently a man of deliberation, thought it time to interfere.

"Here!" he said, "you shouldn't lick that boy if he ain't no relation to you."

"I never seen him before!" gasped the boy.

"What? What?" cried the old gentleman, "does the young rascal deny his own father?"

Then he put on his glasses, and his expression of astonishment was beautiful to see.

"Why, bless me!" he exclaimed, "why, I thought it was my youngest boy William. Dear me! I hope I haven't inconvenienced you, young sir? You'll excuse me, won't you?"

The boy said something that sounded like "police."

"Do you want to go to the police-station?" asked the old gentleman, benevolently. "Been carried too far, eh? Well, we'll rectify that mistake at once."

Grasping the boy once more by the collar, he stepped out on the platform, lifted him lightly over the rear bulwarks, and dropped him. The conductor smiled and rang a merry peal on his strap, the driver whipped up, and the tramcar flew rapidly up the Clapham Road, the boy stood in the street, weeping until he was nearly run over by a cab. And when the old gentleman stepped back into the tramcar, all the men touched their hats to him, and six ladies arose and quarrelled with each other for the privilege of giving him a seat.

Cyclists must have their lamps alight at 8.5 p.m. on Tuesday April 21st, and about two minutes later for every succeeding evening during the week.

£100 INSURANCE FOR CYCLISTS.

In addition to our unique Railway Insurance offer of £1,000, we insure Cyclists, in the event of death from Cycling Accidents, to the extent of £100. The only condition required to secure this sum to whomsoever the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets with his or her death by an accident while actually riding, is that a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, or this notice, should be on the person of the deceased at the time of the fatality. The usual signature in pen or pencil must occupy the line left blank at the foot of this notice. Notice of accident must be given within seven days to the Proprietors of the Paper, and death must occur within the same period from the accident.

Signature

Available until midnight, April 28th, 1891.

LIVES NOT WORTH LIVING.

ON the day of her marriage the East Indian girl is put into a palanquin, shut up tight, and carried to her husband's house. Hitherto she has been the spoiled pet of her mother; now she is to be the little slave of her mother-in-law, upon whom she is to wait, whose commands she is implicitly to obey, and who teaches her what she must do to please her husband—what dishes he likes best, and how to cook them. If the mother-in-law is kind she will let the girl go home occasionally to visit her mother.

Of her husband she sees little or nothing. She is of no more account to him than a little cat or dog would be. There is seldom or never any love between them; and no matter how cruelly she may be treated, she cannot complain to her husband of anything his mother may do, for he would never take his wife's part.

Her husband sends to her daily the portion of food that is to be cooked for her, himself, and the children. When it is prepared she places it upon one large brass platter, and it is sent to her husband's room. He eats what he wishes, and then the platter is sent back with what is left for her and the children. They sit together on the ground and eat the remainder, having neither knives, forks, nor spoons.

While she is a child she is never allowed to go anywhere. The little girls are married as young as three years of age; and, should the boy to whom such a baby is married die the next day, she is called a widow, and is from thenceforth doomed to perpetual widowhood; she can never marry again.

As a widow she must never wear any jewellery, never dress her hair, never sleep on a bed—nothing but a piece of matting spread on the hard brick floor, and sometimes, in fact, with not even that between her and the cold bricks; and, no matter how cold the night may be, she must have no other covering than the thin garment she has worn in the day.

She must eat but one meal a day, and that of the coarsest kind of food, and once in two weeks she must fast for twenty-four hours; then not a bit of food nor a drop of water or medicine must pass her lips, not even if she is dying. She must never sit down or speak in the presence of her mother-in-law, unless commanded to do so. Her food must be cooked and eaten apart from other women's.

She is a disgraced and degraded woman. She may never even look on at any marriage ceremonies or festivals. It would be an evil omen for her to do so. She may have been a high caste woman, but on her becoming a widow, any, even the lowest servants, may order her to do whatever is distasteful to themselves. No woman in the house must ever speak one word of love or pity to her, for it is supposed that if a woman shows the slightest commiseration to a widow she will infallibly become a widow herself before very long.

FRED: "Papa, I've made a great discovery."

Mr. Rambo: "Well, my son?"

Fred: "I've found out that the heavy end of a match is the light end."

Mr. Rambo (fiercely): "You go to bed, sir."

CITIZEN: "So you think of settling here?"

Physician: "Yes, I thought of practising among you."

Citizen: "Look here, young man, there is a good opening here for a man as understands his business, but we don't want no practising, or experimenting—doctoring's what we want!"

MASTER (to servant, who has just entered his office): "Hello, Pat, what do you want?"

"Plaze yer honour, an' cud ye gi' me a week's vacashun an' a five-poun' note?"

"What for, Pat?"

"Well, sur, to tell ye th' thruth, I'm goin' on me honeymoon."

"Honeymoon, Pat! But you are not married!"

"No, yer honour, but bedad, it's that same I'll be in a fortnight, an' I'm thinkin'; it'll be chayer to go on me honeymoon at wanst, fur ye see there's on'y wan av us to pay for now, but after I'm marrit there'll be two, bad luck to it!"

A GOOD story is told in connection with the last Ascot meeting. An American, who was used to going into racing booths in his own country, ordering luncheon, and paying a dollar, found himself hungry at the royal meeting, so he walked into the first tent handy and told the attendant to give him something to eat. The man put a sumptuous luncheon before him, to which, as well as to the champagne, the visitor did ample justice. He then handed the attendant five shillings, received his thanks, and was bowed out of the tent, inwardly congratulating himself on the moderateness of the charge. An English friend whom he met outside said:

"I did not know you were acquainted with Lord H—"

"Neither am I," replied the Bostonian.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the interrogator. "I thought you were, as you came out of his tent."

PREDICTIONS CONCERNING GREAT MEN.

FOR ten predictions that come true, many hundreds fail, of which we never hear. Many a fond mother predicts a professorship, or judgeship, or bishopric for a favourite son, who, nevertheless, sinks through the world among the crowd of unknown people. For all that, sundry remarkable predictions have at times been uttered which have come true.

Sylla said of Cæsar, when he pardoned him at the earnest entreaty of his friends: "You wish his pardon—I consent; but know that this young man, whose life you so eagerly plead for, will prove the most deadly enemy of the party which you and I have defended. There is in Cæsar more than a Marius." The prediction was realized.

Thomas Aquinas was so unusually simple and reserved in his conversation that his fellow-students regarded him as a very mediocre person, and jocularly called him "The Dumb Ox of Sicily." His master, Albert, not knowing himself what to think, took occasion one day before a large assemblage to interrogate him on very profound questions, to which the disciple replied with so penetrating a sagacity that Albert turned towards the youths who surrounded his chair, and said: "You call Brother Thomas a 'dumb ox,' but be assured that one day the noise of his doctrines will be heard all over the world."

Erasmus wrote a composition at twelve years old, which was read by a learned friend of Hegius, and he was so struck by its merit that he called the youth to him and said, scanning him keenly, "My boy, you will one day be a great man."

Sully's father predicted of him, when only twelve years old, that he would one day be great by reason of his courage and his virtues. But Sully was early put in the way of promotion, and, once in the road, the rest is comparatively easy.

Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, early predicted the future greatness of Sir Thomas More. Pointing to the boy one day, he said to those about him, "That youth will before he dies be the ornament of England."

At eighteen, Condi, afterwards Cardinal de Retz, composed certain reminiscences of early studies, on reading which Richelieu exclaimed, "Here's a dangerous fellow."

Marshal Turenne, in his early youth, prophetically foretold the distinction in arms to which he would rise. But, doubtless, there are few youths who enter the army full of ardour and courage, who do not with the utmost confidence predict for themselves the career of a hero and a conqueror.

Milton, in his early writings, foreshadowed his great poem, then not matured in his mind. He declared his intention, many years before he commenced his task, of writing some great poem for posterity "which the world would not willingly let die."

Bossuet, when a youth, was presented to a number of prelates by one of the bishops of his church, who said of him, when he had left, "That young man who has just gone forth, will be one of the greatest luminaries of the church."

Mazarin early predicted the brilliant career of Louis XIV. He said of him, "He has in him stuff for four kings;" and at another time, "He may take the road a little later than others, but he will go much farther."

One day a mason, named Barbe, said to Madame de Maintenon, who was at that time the wife of Scarron: "After much trouble a great king will love you; you will reign; but although at the summit of favour, it will be of no benefit to you." He added some remarkable details, which appeared to cause her some emotion. Her friends rallied her about the predictions, when the mason said to them, with the air of a man confident of the truth of what he said, "You will be glad to kiss the hem of her garment when the day of which I speak comes, instead of amusing yourselves at her expense."

On the other hand, Louis XIV. one day observed to Rochefoucauld and the Duc de Crequi, "Astrology is altogether false. I had my horoscope drawn in Italy, and they told me that, after having lived a long time, I would fall in love with an old woman, and love her to the end of my days. Is there the least likelihood of that?" And so saying, he burst into laughing. But this did not, nevertheless, hinder him from marrying Madame de Maintenon when she was fifty years old! So that both the predictions of the mason and the Italian soothsayer came true at last.

When Voltaire was engaged in the study of classical learning his tutor, Lejay, was once very much irritated by the insolence of his repartees, and, taking him by the collar, shook him roughly, saying, "Wretched youth, you will some day be the standard of deism in France!" Father Paul, Voltaire's confessor, did not less correctly divine the future career of his young penitent when he said of him, "This boy is devoured by a thirst for celebrity."

Sterne's schoolmaster had got the ceiling newly whitewashed, and the mischievous boy, mounting the steps almost before the job was completed, daubed with a brush on the ceiling the words, "Lau. Sterne." The schoolmaster declared that he would not have the name effaced, saying that Sterne was a boy of genius and certain to make a reputation in the world.

FACTS.

ABOUT four people in every hundred are colour-blind.

A GRASSHOPPER can spring more than 200 times its own length.

THERE are 274 brewery companies in this country, and they have a capital of £79,932,937.

A LITTLE more than 200,000,000 tons of coal are now burned annually throughout the world.

It has been computed that there are 100,000 railway locomotives in the world at the present time.

LAST year 61,000,000 telegrams, more than 1,000,000 a week, were despatched in Great Britain and Ireland.

THE workable strength of all the steam engines of the world is estimated to be equal to ten millions horse-power.

At the present time a penny on the income tax yields £2,200,000, as compared with £800,000 which Sir R. Peel estimated in 1844.

WOMEN much more often have false teeth than men, because their own are, as a rule, less strong and durable than those of the sterner sex.

PROFESSOR MARSHALL, of Cambridge University, states that of £500,000,000 spent uselessly annually, £100,000,000 is spent by the working class.

A FRENCH naturalist has stated that an insect which attacks hop vines can produce six thousand million young ones during the month or six weeks of its existence.

THE enormous consumption of coal in the gas-works of London is indicated by the fact that the Gaslight and Coke Company is seeking tenders from coal-owners for its supply for one year, and that the supply is set down at about one million and three-quarters of tons.

THE LARGEST PLATE OF GLASS YET MADE.—The Kokomo Glass Works, Indiana, U.S.A., have turned out a monster sheet of perfectly clear window glass, believed to be the largest ever manufactured. It measures 145 inches by 195 inches, and weighs 2,000 lbs.

WHAT WE OWN.—A slight conception of the extent of the British Empire may be obtained from this: the fastest liner afloat would occupy a longer time in traversing the space covered either by the length or by the breadth of the Indian Empire than it does at present to cross the Atlantic. Yet, after eliminating India, England's possessions in Australia and North America alone are sufficiently large to make four and a half more Indian Empires, still leaving territory enough to cover the area of Great Britain and Ireland five times over.

A MOUNTAINEER'S CUSTOM.—Swiss mountaineers call through their speaking trumpets at dusk, "Praise the Lord God." One herdsman starts the call, and his neighbours from every peak echo it. The sounds are prolonged by reverberation from one mountain to another. After a short period, which is supposed to have been devoted to prayer, a herdsman calls, "Good-night." This, too, is repeated, and, as darkness falls, each retires to his hut. These calls may be heard for miles, and are re-echoed from the rocks for some minutes after the original call has died away.

CURIOSITIES OF CHEMICALS.—Certain substances which are deadly in their effects upon man can be taken by the brute creation with impunity. Horses can take large doses of antimony, dogs of mercury, goats of tobacco, mice of hemlock, and rabbits of belladonna, without injury. On the other hand, dogs and cats are much more susceptible to the influence of chloroform than man, and are much sooner killed by it. If this invaluable anæsthetic had been first tried upon animals we should probably have never enjoyed its blessings, as it would have been found to be so fatal that its discoverers would have been afraid to test its effects upon human beings. It is evident, then, that an experiment upon an animal can never be the means of any certain deductions so far as man is concerned. No scientist can ever know when trying some new drug, or new operation, whether or not when he comes to try it upon man the effect will be the same as that upon animals.

HOW SCULPTORS WORK.—A very vague idea prevails as to how a sculptor works on a statue. The truth is this:—The artist puts the conception, as nearly as possible, into a material form by the aid of clay. A plaster cast is then taken of that. By this time very deft mechanics have prepared a block of marble in the most perfect manner. Then the cast is set alongside, and, by means of square and rule and callipers, the model is copied point by point. The mass is hewn from the rock rapidly until a general outline is reached. Then the mechanic proceeds with more skill and care, and gradually reduces it until a close image of the model is reached. Then a still more skilful artisan undertakes it, and does almost marvels under the artist's personal direction. At last the artist puts on the finishing touches, which give the individuality, the excellence, the semblance of the person modelled after, or which convey the idea that the artist has fancied into creation.

ASIA contains more than half the population of the world.

COMMON house-flies are believed to live sometimes as long as five years.

IN South Australia it costs the railway companies £16,000 a year to remove the vegetation that grows on the permanent way.

BLANKETS are loaned to the poor during the winter months free of cost by a kind-hearted citizen in Brunswick, Germany. They are stamped to prevent them being sold or pawned, and they are returned at the close of the cold weather.

THE WILY ALLIGATOR.—As a proof that an alligator is not only a shrewd but a thinking animal, it is stated that the alligators of the Orinoco, previous to going in search of food, always swallow large stones, that they may acquire additional weight to aid them in dragging their prey under water. Bolivar, the traveller, is said to have verified this statement by shooting several of the saurians, in which stones were found.

MAKING A BILLIARD BALL.—It requires skilled labour to turn out a billiard ball. One-half of it is first turned, an instrument of the finest steel being used for the work. Then the half-turned ball is hung up in a net, and is allowed to remain there for a year to dry. Then the second half is turned, and then comes the polishing. Whiteness and water and a good deal of rubbing are requisite for this. It is necessary, in the end, that the ball shall, to the veriest fraction of a grain, be of a certain weight.

WASTED LIVES.—How much sanitary science has yet to accomplish is only too clearly shown by the computation that fully one quarter of a million deaths occur every year in this country which are preventable. Mr. Wilson Noble considers that there are on the average nearly forty cases of sickness for every death, and that each case of illness lasts on an average eighteen and a half days, which means a loss of seventy-eight and a half million days' labour. This computation does not include extra cases of illness which occur amongst the working classes from exhaustion. If only half these cases are taken into consideration, it will be found that each year the work of a thousand men for a hundred years is lost through illness.

HOW DO BACTERIA LOOK?—So small are they that it would take, in some cases, as many as fifteen thousand of them, arranged in a row, to make an inch. They have different forms, some being round, some oval, some rod-shaped, while others are much the shape of a corkscrew. Those that have motion behave in a very peculiar manner. Some wobble about in one place without moving forward in the least, others dart hither and thither, back and forth, at an apparently furious rate, rocking and twirling about, and turning a hundred somersaults as they move along. Bacteria multiply very rapidly, and they do it in a very curious way. A single one breaks itself in two, then each half grows very rapidly until it becomes as large as the original.

A DIMINUTIVE RAILWAY.—One of the most wonderful railways in the world, is the small nine-mile branch which connects the towns of Bedford and Bellevue, Mississippi, U.S.A. The distance is not so astonishing, except where the gauge of ten inches is considered. In the short distance traversed by the pigmy it crosses eleven streams, with bridges from five to thirty-five feet in height. The rails weigh but twenty pounds to the yard, about the size of those used in mines. The carriages and engines are constructed so as to be very near the ground, insuring greater safety. The carriages are provided with single seats on each side of the aisle. The carriage itself weighs but four tons, the weight of an ordinary one being from twenty to twenty-six tons. The engine without the tender weighs seven tons, and runs with two passenger or freight cars at the rate of twenty miles an hour. There is a smaller railway even than this in the United States—the one in Bucks County, Pennsylvania—but it is only kept as an expensive toy by a rich farmer who has made a fortune in oil.

A WATCH WITH A HISTORY.—A resident of Ronkonoma, U.S.A., possesses a relic of the last century, for which more than one antiquary would be glad to pay liberally. It is a gold watch, of quaint pattern and rich design and execution, which formerly belonged to the ill-fated Antoinette. It is about the size of a double florin in circumference, and is open-faced. On the back it bears the device of the French Queen, a cupid on a cloud, worked in gold and silver. The features of the boy god are nearly effaced by long wear. The hours of the dial are marked in peculiar-looking Arabic numbers. The porcelain shows the ravages of time in minute cracks at the edges, and the silver hands, nearly black with age, are thickly studded with small diamonds. The story the owner tells is that the watch was the gift of the Queen to the architect of the Tuileries, who shot himself through the head on the day following her execution by the Revolutionists. Its entire appearance is one of quaint richness and originality. Its present owner was a near relative of a well-known American poet, now dead. The watch came into his possession through marriage, as a gift from his wife's father, who is a direct descendant of the original recipient.

By an Italian law any circus that does not perform every act promised in the printed programme, or which misleads the public by means of pictures, is liable to a fine of £100 for each offence.

A VIENNA man of science has published statistics showing that one smoker contracts diphtheria to three non-smokers. His theory is this: that tobacco smoke protects the throat against microbes very much as it destroys parasites on rose-bushes.

A SUBTERRANEAN river has just been discovered in the Department of Lot, France. The discoverers worked their way down stream for a couple of miles, through a succession of wonderful grottoes sparkling with stalactites. They found seven lakes on their way, and had to shoot thirty-seven cascades or rapids.

FLOATING ISLANDS.—About a mile from the Irish town of Stewardson there is a small lake in which there are three floating islands, which move about the lake with the wind. The largest one is about five yards long and about three in breadth, and the other two are smaller. Two of them are covered with reeds and bushes, and the other one, on which there is only one small bush, tumbles right over when the weather is rough. On several occasions persons fishing from the islands have been carried across the lake on them. There used to be four islands, but some years ago one of them became fastened to the bank, and has remained there ever since.

FACTS ABOUT BEE-KEEPING.—The biggest natural beehive in the world is that in Kentucky, known as the "Mammoth Beehive." It is in reality a huge cave, the main compartment being 150ft. high, while the floor covers ten acres in extent. The beehive is of solid rock, and its roof has been entirely honeycombed by bees. M. Bertrand, a famous French bee-keeper, has hives containing twenty-six frames, double the size of the English standard. The largest bee-keeper in the world is Mr. Harbison, of California, who has 6,000 hives producing 200,000 lbs. of honey yearly. It has been calculated that a bee must suck 218,750 flowers for every ounce of honey gathered.

ASINGULAR HABIT.—A recent traveller in Mexico, who visited the mines there during his journey, says that he was much astonished at seeing the men who carry the ore come out of the mine each with one eye shut. The foreman, seeing his surprise, explained the matter. He said the candles belonging to the tarateros (who drill and blast) do not give sufficient light in the drifts, where it is consequently quite dark, but where, nevertheless, the tarateros see well enough not to run their heads against the rocks. But, on emerging into daylight, they would be blinded did they not take precautionary measures. For this reason, as they approach the mouth of the shaft, at the point where they catch the first glimpse of light, they drop the eyelid of one eye, and keep this down while they are discharging their ore and until they have re-descended the shaft. When they are again in the dark, they open the eye kept hitherto in reserve, and at once see everything distinctly; while the other eye, previously open and somewhat blinded by the daylight, perceives nothing at all.

ANTS AS BRIDGE BUILDERS.—A pretty ant story comes from Glasgow. A pastrycook in that city found his shop invaded by a colony of ants, who feasted nightly on the delicacies deposited on a certain shelf. After outgelling his brains for some time in order to discover a plan for stopping the depredations of the active insects, he resolved to lay a streak of treacle around the tray containing the coveted food. In due time the ants came forth in their hundreds, and were led towards the feast by their chief. On reaching the line, scouts were then sent out to survey, and eventually the "word of command" was passed round, and instantly the main body of the ants made for a part of the wall where the plaster had been broken by a nail. Here each snatched up a tiny piece of mortar and returned to the spot indicated, where their burdens were deposited upon the molasses. By this means, and after an infinite amount of labour, a bridge was formed, and the triumphant army marched forward to partake of the fruits of victory, the baker meanwhile standing by, filled with wonder.

THE STORY OF A CHARGER.—It is related that after Sir S. Gillespie fell at the storming of Kalunga, his favourite black charger, bred at the Cape of Good Hope and taken by him to India, was, at the sale of his effects, competed for by several officers of his division, and finally knocked down to the privates of the 8th Dragoons, who contributed their prize-money, to the amount of £500 sterling, to retain this commemoration of their late commander. Thus the charger was always led at the head of the regiment on a march, and at the station of Cawnpore was indulged with taking his ancient station at the colour-stand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given on drill and on reviews. When the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, he was bought for the same sum by a gentleman, who provided a paddock for him, where he might end his days in comfort; but, when the corps had marched and the sound of the trumpet had ceased, he refused to eat, and on the first opportunity, being led out to exercise, he broke from his groom, and galloping to his ancient station on the parade, after neighing aloud, dropped down and died.

FICTION.

A "CATASTROPHE TOY-SHOP."—"You'd like to hear how it was that my toy-shop caused so much commotion in our town, and led to such mischief that I was eventually commanded by the authorities to discontinue the business? Very well, sir, step inside, and I'll tell you all about it.

"I don't wonder at your curiosity being excited by such an extraordinary proceeding on the part of the county magistrates. A toy-shop certainly does seem about the most innocent and harmless trade a man can go in for. I agree with you so far, but when you've heard my yarn, you will probably think differently. I don't mind acknowledging now that my business wasn't altogether productive of the innocent amusement which is generally associated with toys, but it was hard to have it closed up without compensation, especially as I was making my fortune rapidly.

"You see, sir, I've studied boys and the ways of boys ever since I was one of 'em myself. I know that a boy is a bloodthirsty animal at best. He delights in calamities, catastrophes, accidents, explosions, and collisions. He revels in descriptions of murders and suicides, would walk ten miles to see a pig killed, and would rather draw the blood from the nose of his dearest friend than eat his dinner any day of the week.

"It was a perfect knowledge of this somewhat revolting characteristic of boyhood which led me to the conclusion that the reason toy-shops were, as a rule, such poor paying concerns was that the toys manufactured at the present day are altogether unsuitable for the tastes of the modern schoolboy. What interest does a vigorous boy of ten, eleven, or twelve take in flying a kite, spinning a top, or playing at marbles? Does he not infinitely prefer shooting a cat, playing a game at robber's cave, or fighting until neither he nor his opponent can see out of their eyes? I think so.

"Well, I had a large quantity of altogether original and unique toys manufactured, called my place 'The Catastrophe Toy-Shop,' and for months afterwards took more money from the pockets of the boys of our town than all the confectioners, sweet-stuff, and rival toy-shops combined.

"I sold hundreds of 'Sixpenny Battle-Fields,' with what I called a 'gore-tank' attached—a tin reservoir for holding red ink to fill up the miniature pools of blood with which the metal battle-field was plentifully sprinkled.

"One-and-ninepenny Railway Disasters,' with carriages warranted to telescope, stretchers, and mutilated cardboard corpses, packed in box complete, realized a tremendous sale.

"The Boy's Amateur Colliery Explosion' (showing the scene at the pit mouth before and after the accident), packed and sent to any address for two shillings was a gigantic success, which was only excelled by my famous 'Eighteenpenny Mechanical Shipwreck.'

"Then, again, there was a constant demand for a 'Half-crown Working Gallows,' which I placed on the market; while the modest sum of 3s. 6d. would purchase two indiarubber figures, filled with red ink, and grasping tin knives in their hands, who would fight and bleed in a most desperate and natural way whenever their fury was excited by the spinning of the top, which was the motive power of the apparatus.

"The Boy's Portable Robbers' Cave' was a somewhat expensive toy, but I sold a quantity of them, for all that. I supplied them complete, with half-a-dozen cap pistols, two revolvers (to shoot peas), three spring daggers, two tin swords, and a cannon. The outfit also contained four brigands' caps and red sashes for the 'robbers,' together with handcuffs and chains for the 'prisoners.'

"Affairs went well with me for a time, until one unlucky morning our town was thrown into a state of commotion by the news that an atrocious attempt had been made to upset a railway train just outside the town. Two boys (customers of mine) had been caught in the act of placing an obstacle on the metals, large enough to cause a serious accident.

"Then the newspapers took the matter up, and the miserable penny-a-liners agreed unanimously that they had long ago foreseen what effect my 'catastrophe toys' would have on the minds of the rising generation. These same gentlemen had, some months previously, described my establishment as 'unique, interesting, and well worth a visit.'

"But their virtuous indignation against me, and their paternal solicitude for the well-being of the boys of the town, at this time knew no bounds.

"However the affair blew over without my trade being seriously injured by it. The boys were birched and sent away from home, and the event was forgotten.

"I sold a toy called the 'Burning Theatre'—a very inflammable article, manufactured from thin wood, with a thick coating of resin. It was built in the form of a theatre, and contained a number of doll figures, which fell blazing from the building as soon as it was well alight.

"These figures were for the 'loss of life' representation, without which none of my toys would have been complete, in the eyes of my customers at least.

"A few months ago two cases of arson occurred in the district in one week; a boy was waylaid, robbed, and stabbed in the back by two of my best customers; and a purchaser of my half-crown working gallows was cut down just in time, while experimenting with a hanging apparatus which he himself had invented, and which he said he intended to patent.

"Then the press of the whole county was let loose at me. I was pointed and groaned at wherever I went, and narrowly escaped being mobbed on several occasions. I held on to my living, however, and advertised my 'catastrophe toys' more largely than ever, until I received an intimation from the authorities that if I did not close my place in fourteen days, proceedings would be instituted against me forthwith.

"I sold out my stock at such great reductions that I believe the town was inundated with robbers' caves, railway accidents, and colliery explosions. I did not wait to see the effect of my sale, however, but cleared out at once, and have not yet revisited my native place."

UNMASKED.

We danced together, beneath the gleam

Of the warm gaslight from the chandeliers,
And I told my heart 'twas a fleeting dream,
But my heart was bold and would have no fears;

For I felt her breath as it touched my hair,
And her great brown eyes, with their piercing gaze
Gleamed out from her mask, while her lips so fair
Lay close to mine in the whirling maze.

I led her away as the music died

In a plaintive strain on the midnight air,
To a cosy nook in the hallway wide,
Where the light shone dim on the oaken stair.

And I held her hand as my heart beat time
To the rhythmic tones of the ancient clock,
And the words I whispered were set in rhyme,
While the clock kept time with a dull "tick, tock."

Then my arm stole gently about her waist,
And I pressed a kiss on her throbbing brow;
But just at that moment her mask, displaced,
Fell down at her feet, I scarcely know how.
I do not remember what followed then,
For it all seems shrouded in clouds of mist;
I only know that I fainted when
I saw 'twas my sister whom I had kissed!

SOME TERRIBLE BLUNDERS.—An editor was sitting in his office one day, when a man entered whose brow was clothed with thunder. Fiercely seizing a chair, he slammed his hat on the table, hurled his umbrella on the floor, and sat down.

"Are you the editor?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Can you read writing?"

"Of course."

"Read that, then," he said, thrusting at the editor an envelope with an inscription on it.

"B—," said the editor, trying to spell it.

"That's not a 'B,' it's an 'S,'" said the man.

"'S'? Oh, yes, I see. Well, it looks like 'Sal for Dinner,' or 'Souls of Sinners,'" said the editor.

"No, sir," replied the man; "nothing of the sort. That's my name—Samuel Brunner. I knew you couldn't read. I called to see about that poem of mine you printed the other day, entitled 'The Surcease of Sorrow.'"

"I don't remember it," said the editor.

"Of course you don't, because it went into the paper under the villainous title of 'Smearcase To-morrow.'"

"A blunder of the compositor, I suppose."

"Yes, sir; and that's what I want to see you about. The way in which that poem was mutilated was simply scandalous. I haven't slept a night since. It exposed me to derision. People think I am an ass. (The editor coughed.) Let me show you. The first line, when I wrote it, read in this way: 'Lying by a weeping willow, underneath a gentle slope.' That is beautiful and poetic. Now, how did your vile sheet represent it to the public? 'Lying to a weeping widow to induce her to elope.' 'Weeping widow,' mind you. A widow! Oh, thunder and lightning! this is too much! But look at the fourth verse. That's worse yet. 'Cast thy pearls before swine, and lose them in the dirt.' He makes it read in this fashion: 'Cart thy pills before sunrise, and love them if they hurt.' Now, isn't that a cold-blooded outrage on a man's feelings? I'll leave it to you if it isn't."

"It's hard—that's a fact," said the editor.

"Then take the fifth verse. In the original manuscript it said, plain as daylight: 'Take away the jingling money; it is only glittering dross.' In its printed form you made me say: 'Take away the tingling honey; put some flies in for the boss.' By George! I feel like braining you with the fire-shovel! There, for instance, was the sixth verse. I wrote: 'I'm weary of the tossing of the ocean as it heaves.' When I opened your paper, and saw the line transformed into 'I'm wearing out my trousers till they're open at the knees,' I thought that was taking it an inch too far. I fancy I have a right to murder that compositor. Where is he?"

"He is out just now," said the editor. "Come in to-morrow."

"I will," said the poet; "and I will come armed."

DOWN TO FIRST PRINCIPLES.—"What do you do for a living?"
"Breathe."

BAULSO: "How did you manage to get through the crowd? I had to wait for an hour."

CUMSO: "I was smoking that cigar you gave me."

"JIMMIE is a very unfortunate boy," said Mrs. Simpson. "He joined an athletic club, and the first time he went there he broke one of the best records they had."

AT THE NAVY YARD.—"We cast cannon in here," said the guide, as they stepped inside.

"Do you?" asked the pretty girl. "Now, please, show us where you blow great guns. I often hear my naval friends speak of them."

"Is salt necessary?" queries an agricultural writer. Well, it is no use to ask the average cook this question. Sometimes she thinks it is, and sometimes she thinks it isn't. Anyway, she always differs from the views of those who have to eat the victuals.

THE house-hunting season is now in full swing.

Lady (hunting for house): "Well, I think everything about the house is very nice. By-the-bye, what about the water supply?"

Caretaker: "Oh, you needn't bother about that. Lor' bless yer, mum, the cellar's always full of it!"

ENTHUSIASTIC BUT SHORT-SIGHTED LADY ARTIST (to old labourer): "My good man, what are those beautiful waving objects near those trees, rivalling the latter themselves in grace and beauty of outline, making such a beautiful variety in the landscape, and seeming to hang 'twixt earth and heaven?"
Old Labourer (gruffly): "My shirts."

FIRST BOOTBLACK: "You had er quarrel wid Nidsey, Billy?"

Second Bootblack: "Yes, I had, and I'm goin' ter have my revenge, too."

F. B.: "Goin' ter fight him?"

S. B.: "No. I'm goin' ter stand aside of him when he's a-shinin' a gent, and when he's finished, I'm goin' ter say, 'Shine, sir!'"

A RUSSIAN seaman, who had deserted, gave himself up once, on the guano island of Loone, to a crew of British seamen, expressing his desire to renounce his allegiance to the Czar and become one of the subjects of Queen Victoria. "Jack" was puzzled how to naturalize him, and a conference was held to settle the knotty question. The result was that, after the Russian had abjured his country, every British seaman threw a bucket of water upon him, and thus was he washed of his nationality.

HOW HE COMPROMISED WITH CONSCIENCE.—A thing whom it were base flattery to call a man, went into the office of a daily paper the other morning, and offered the following advertisement for publication:—

"NOTICE.—If the extremely plain lady, about forty-nine years of age, who lost a purse containing £3 in the Strand this morning, will apply to —, she can have the money by paying for this advertisement."

He explained that he had seen the woman drop the purse, but that he was anxious to keep the contents, and he was of opinion that no woman, for so small a sum as £3, would ever answer to the advertisement as he had written it.

TO READERS WHO WISH US
WELL.

If you appreciate our efforts "to interest, to elevate, to amuse," will you help us make the paper known by handing specimen copies to your friends? Readers who will so far trouble themselves as to do this will be giving the most practical proof possible of their approbation.

We will gladly send (carriage free, of course) the number of specimen copies for which any reader asks. Foremen, time-keepers, overseers, and others in large factories and workshops are in a position to render particularly valuable assistance in this way.

We hope that any readers who know people in such positions will kindly send us their names and addresses so that we may be able to write and offer them specimen copies for distribution.

Were we providing no larger a pennyworth of reading matter than some of our contemporaries, we should be able to advertise extensively. As it is, we feel we may ask those whom we succeed in pleasing to make the paper known a little in this manner.

We have printed on small gummed slips a facsimile of the heading with some wording round it. To those who will make use of these we shall be most happy to forward a packet.

A TALE OF A SPEAKING TUBE.

It was a sad mistake old Betty McGinty, the charwoman, made through her imperfect acquaintance with the modern appliances of civilization. She had never seen a speaking tube, though she had seen a ventilating pipe, and it was only natural for her, on noticing the open mouth of the former, to conclude that she might have "just a draw or two" in the house of the learned and irritable professor, whom she was attending while his family were away, and where smoking was strictly forbidden. So the dudhean was lighted, and the smoke carefully puffed up the orifice.

Professor M'Rennant was in his study, with which the speaking tube communicated, putting the finishing stroke to the chief work of his theological career. He had just concluded an eloquent sentence, when his nostrils became suddenly distended, and the wandering tribes of the hairs of his head slowly stood up one by one. Sniff! Could—sniff!—anyone be smoking in his sanctum?

Meanwhile Betty was busier than ever, and his eye caught sight of a light-blue cloud issuing from the speaking tube, through which, when they were at home, he commanded his household. With a suppressed yell of rage, he rushed to give his counterblast. But Betty was in full swing, and the professor reeled backwards, half poisoned with the rolling fumes of the rankest twist that ever filled an oily "cutty." Recovering himself, with a hasty and mysterious exclamation—probably Hebrew—he rushed downstairs and found Betty, kneeling in a chair, offering up her diabolical incense.

"Woman!" shouted the theologian.

"Mercy me!" screamed Betty, "it's the professor," and ran for her life.

In the afternoon a little girl came to the area door, saying:

"Please for Mrs. McGinty's bonnet and shawl."

ROYALTY AT TABLE.

QUEEN VICTORIA breakfasts at nine o'clock, with those of her children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, or personal friends who are staying in the palace, and she is rarely without some one or another of them. In summer, at Osborne, Windsor, or Balmoral, this meal is generally served out of doors, in some arbour, tent, or summer-house. The Queen not only used to take oatmeal porridge as a part of her own morning meal, but always has it served at her family breakfast-table as a regular item of that repast.

A small portion of the Scotch dainty, perfectly cooked, served in little wooden bowls most tastefully carved, and flanked with tiny jugs of rich cream, was placed beside each plate, and guests honoured by admission to the intimacy of breakfast with her Majesty notice that the royal hostess is always especially gracious to those who dispose of the porridge with the most apparent manifestation of approval.

But in the midst of her gold and silver plate and the wealth of orchids which usually decorate her magnificent court table, the Queen's digestion compels her now to forego the toothsome dainty for lighter tapioca, and to use only stale brown bread, made especially for her needs, and which resembles German rye bread. Her physicians also counselled her to give up green tea for cocoa. Luncheon is served at two, and the royal dinner at 9 p.m., when boiled mutton, venison, and chicken form her Majesty's staple dishes.

Her Majesty delights in baked potatoes, and in cracking a dozen nuts after dinner. The Queen formerly drank every day two or three glasses of champagne or Bordeaux, and after dinner a glass of Tokay; but here, again, the medicals interfered, and after her bad attack of sciatica the royal lady had to give up wine for a dilution of whisky in water or soda-water. In her diary the Queen admits her extreme partiality for Scotch cream and savoury haggis. The distillery of Lochnagar, from which the Queen obtains her whisky, is on the Balmoral estate. There is a very large cellar of wine at Windsor, containing a great quantity of very fine old port and claret, and some wonderful Cabinet Rhine wines of the great vintages.

Pope Leo XIII.'s way of living is more like that of a country curate than a Pontiff. It is lucky that etiquette makes the Pope invariably eat alone, or his guests would have but meagre cheer. After celebrating mass in his private chapel he takes a cup of coffee, prepared by his body-servant on a spirit lamp. During his residence in foreign countries his Holiness acquired the habit of drinking coffee prepared as in Turkey, and without sugar, and he clings to this habit even against the advice of his physicians, who tell him that coffee prepared in this way is much too exciting, especially when taken on an empty stomach.

At about ten o'clock the Pope eats his first meal, which is very frugal, and always the same. It consists of two poached eggs, a piece of the breast of a fowl, and, for dessert, some fruit or preserves. Leo XIII. drinks but little wine—never more than one glass of white Frascati—during the whole repast. He

will not touch Bordeaux, which is more heady and tonic than the wines in the neighbourhood of Rome. At five o'clock the Pope eats his second and last meal, which is as frugal and simple as the first.

Many a commoner sits down to a far more sumptuous repast. Soup, one kind of meat, a vegetable, fruit, and a glass of Frascati wine—such is the Pope's *ménu*. For many years he would eat only boiled meats, and his physicians had to exert their united influence to get him to touch roasts. Leo XIII. does not indulge in coffee after dinner. The Pope's cooks get all the produce they need from the kitchen garden of the palace, and fruits ripened on the trees growing there are eaten on the table at the Vatican. Boiled eggs, fish, and macaroni take the place of meat in Lent. His Holiness seldom sups, or if he takes anything before retiring to rest, it is a Rheims biscuit, which he dips in a cup of milk.

In Russia eating and drinking take up no small part of a man's existence. Alexander III. breakfasts early, at 7 a.m., on ham and eggs, a slice of roast beef and tea. At eleven o'clock he lunches off a poached egg in broth, a mutton chop, cold chicken and game, and two vegetables, the whole washed down by three cups of strong black coffee. The Czar, who is a great angler, has the fish he hooks served up on his table. At 2 p.m. he takes a little rice milk. Dinner affords a plain but well-cooked meal in the French style. The Czar's supper invariably consists of tea and dry cakes.

The young German Emperor, who passed a good many of his early days in England, has retained a decided taste for eggs and bacon, which so often figure on an English breakfast table. He has muffins and crumpets sent to him from London. All sorts of baked loaves are eaten at the Berlin Court, from the commonest kind of oatmeal bread to the famous Cummin cake, the recipe for the making of which is a State secret. Wilhelm II. drinks beer, and has discarded champagne for sparkling Muller wine.

Within the last twelvemonth he has revolutionised the Imperial kitchen, dismissed his French cook, and, in his determination to out-German the Germans, ordered the bill of fare to be henceforth written in the national language. Even the word *ménu* has been done away with and *speisekarte* substituted.

No table in the whole world is served so daintily or artistically as that of the Austrian Court. The Empress Elizabeth, who is a very small eater, often says that elegant surroundings, perfect ease, and soft, shadowy distances are absolutely necessary to preserve some illusions when we dine.

Her exquisitely refined taste would prevent her from appreciating even the most delicate of meals were they not served in the most *riche* manner; and all that priceless porcelain, unique crystal and glass, and antique gold and silver plate can do to etherealize a meal is done at Vienna, Buda Pesth, Gödöllő, or Ischl, whenever the fair sovereign of Austro-Hungary consents to grace the one or the other of these imperial palaces with her presence.

The damask is so fine that it looks like satin, and for lunch or afternoon tea is replaced by heavy white silk cloths and napkins, edged with Venetian lace, and adorned with the imperial crest in raised gold embroidery. The viands are prepared so prettily that it seems almost a pity to break up and eat them, and the fairies themselves might feast on the tempting dishes prepared by the artist who presides over the imperial kitchens.

The inspector of the Viennese imperial kitchens, M. Keinberger, has held his office for over forty years, and is quite an artist in his way. His ambition consists in making each of the dinner parties at the Hofburg the most successful thing of its kind in the world, and, like a general on the eve of battle, he never leaves the kitchens and still-rooms of the palace during the last twenty-four hours before any great entertainment takes place.

He personally superintends every detail, and, as he is a culinary genius himself, often concocts some particularly dainty delicacy which he alone can make. He is a great advocate for serving things artistically, and he told me one day, very gravely, that he thought a pigeon served on a gold dish was more appetizing and pleasing than an ortolan sent in on a common china plate.

The imperial kitchens are kept with almost military precision and regularity by the twenty-four *chefs* and assistant *chefs*. Each man has his distinct and well-defined task. There is a *chef* for the *entrées*, one for the roasts, another one is the pastrycook, while the bakers, glaciers, and dishers-up have all separate departments in which they each reign supreme. Every imaginable dainty is produced at the palace, and the Empress herself comes down every Monday morning, when in Vienna, to stroll through the kitchen and see that everything is going on as it should.

All that remains of a Court dinner is sent to the Viennese hospitals. Good, kind, gentle, generous, and open-hearted old Francis Joseph takes beer at luncheon, champagne at dinner—never more than two glasses—and smokes the commonest kind of Austrian cigar, a long, thin weed with a straw in it, called a *Virginia*. This is the favourite smoke of Viennese cab-drivers. Over indulgence in it spoiled his stomach, and for a long time he was forbidden to smoke, but since last year he has begun again.

King Humbert of Italy is a true vegetarian. He lives entirely on bread, vegetables, and fruits. The doctors have forbidden him to drink coffee, and his only beverage is at present a little Bordeaux and plenty of water. The King never feels so well as when his fare is bread, potatoes, and oranges. When asked by the young German Emperor what his favourite edible was, the King of Italy said "peaches." Wilhelm II. thereupon ordered one hundred pounds' worth of the very finest from Thommery, near Fontainebleau, and sent them to him.

The Queen of Italy, who used to be very slender, but has of late been growing stouter and stouter, wishes to diet herself; but it is very difficult to do so, as she enjoys every dainty of the table, and the Court revels in the national *frittura* of artichoke hearts, liver, mushrooms, brains, cocks' combs, and so forth, served in a solid gold service. Margherita has tried several times to become a vegetarian, but has given up in despair.

The Queen of Sweden delights in forced-meat balls, fried in sweet olive oil, and served with poached eggs, and the national dish of raw salmon, preserved in the ground and smoked to perfection, is always a great feature at her table. She has a great partiality for French wines.

President Carnot is a man who rightly thinks that simplicity is the chief secret of a good *ménu*. The sudden move down from a small flat in the Rue des Bassins to the great splendour of the Elysée has in no way modified his way of eating or his appetite, and although on entering the palace he secured the services of "handsome Alfred," M. Grévy's famous *chef*, his bill of fare is much the same to-day on all ordinary occasions as a mere deputy. He delights, as most Frenchmen do, in coffee with milk at 8 a.m., and enjoys his beefsteak, or mutton chop, and an omelet, with half a bottle of Chambertin, at noon.

Dinner at 7.30 usually ushers in oysters, soup, fish, and an *entrée*. This is the first course, washed down with Bordeaux, and the President declares that when he has got so far, he has had quite enough; and that the roasts, which begin the second course, including game, are superfluous. Of the third course, which includes ices, sweetmeats, preserved and fresh fruits—in short, of the dessert, he partakes lightly, and corrects the richness of the whole by a cup of good black coffee, cognac, or chartreuse, and a cigar.

M. Carnot, it will be seen, is of the opinion that the chief end of man is about midway between his head and his feet and consists of his digestive organs. "Put into a mortar," says the President, "and pound well together the ingredients that a gentleman in good health will usually eat when he dines—pepper, mustard, sauces, truffles, meats, game, wines, brandy, liqueurs and the rest—make the whole into a poultice and apply it to your leg. It will raise you a big blister in no time."

ACTOR: "In the last act last night, when Roderigo is to shoot me, his gun didn't go off. This sort of thing spoils my play."

MANAGER: "It doesn't make any difference whether he shoots you or not. The audience appreciate the situation. They know you are not worth the powder it would take to shoot you, and find it very appropriate that the gun misses fire."

LORD WOLSELEY went out to Canada rather expecting to meet the Red Man whose acquaintance he had made in the pages of Fenimore Cooper. One morning he was informed that a nobleman of the West had arrived. With his mind full of the conventional picture of the high-souled, noble-minded Red Man, he went out and found a gentleman clothed in an out-of-date dress suit and waistcoat, who, having had a great deal to do with the Hudson Bay traders, knew a fair smattering of French and of English. He talked incessantly for upwards of an hour, and at the expiration of that time our only general became bored. Feeling in his pockets for a coin, he produced a two-shilling piece, and, with some fear, that he was grossly insulting his guest, offered it to him. The noble Indian looked at it carefully, felt the edges, and said: "Can you mak' it haf-crown?"

It is related that Thomas Carlyle, while on a visit to the Provost of Kirkcaldy, a worthy elder who conducted family worship, was one morning invited by the provost to take the reading, and he would offer up the prayer himself afterward. Carlyle, by accident, opened the Bible at the first chapter of the Book of Job. He began to read this slowly and intelligently, pausing after some clause as if to meditate on the circumstances and take in the whole meaning. On he went, the servants wondering, the provost "dumfounded." Yet no one dared to interrupt the sage, as his face was getting all aglow. The time passed on, and yet he was only heating to his work. After finishing the whole forty-two chapters he quietly closed the Bible and remarked, "That is a marvellously life-like drama, only to be appreciated when read right through." Carlyle used to wonder that the invitation was not repeated.

OUR PRIZE STORY.

THE following story, sent by

MR. R. BRUCE,
STAINCLIFFE,
DEWSBURY,

is the best received. We have therefore forwarded him a cheque for Two Guineas.

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

It was New Year's Eve. The New Year, so soon expected, seemed hovering in the air; even work-houses had caught a gleam of hope.

"You must mind and get well enough to eat some roast beef to-morrow," said the nurse, passing swiftly down the whitewashed ward of one of the infirmaries. She was young and rosy-cheeked—a favourite—and the patients looked at her and chuckled.

"You, too," she said, going on to the farthest bed. Two deep, dark eyes looked up at her from a white and wasted face. A long bony arm was outstretched to clasp her dress.

"Stoop down—I want to speak to you," said a hollow voice, just able to make itself heard. A male patient, on the shady side of middle age; his hair was dashed with grey, his burning eyes the brighter from the whiteness of his face. "Nurse, I'm going at last—and you've been good to me. You'll grant me one last favour?"

"What is it?" asked the young woman, kneeling at his side. It was true, she saw; he was going. She knew the signs only too well.

"This—!" And his dying hand plucked feebly at a narrow black cord about his neck. "See—I'll show it to you. I've worn it thirty years as I wear it now. You see it?"

She bent nearer to examine the object through which the cord was strung. He had drawn it up for her inspection, from the spot close to his heart where it had rested.

"Well, now!" ejaculated the nurse. "There's a tale belonging to that, I'll be bound," she added, looking, with a softer interest, at the shadowy features. They were finely moulded. Yes, he had been a handsome man once. Tall and broad, too, he must have been. And like a gentleman, somehow. And dying in a workhouse infirmary!

"Listen—listen," he whispered, grasping her dress again with one hand, while the other lay upon his breast, enfolding his treasure. "Will you promise me? You can manage it, if you will. I want you to promise that it shall be buried with me—just where it is now—over my heart."

"I promise," said the young nurse. She was too young to be hardened. Two great tears filled her eyes as she spoke.

"Thank you," he said feebly, sinking back. "I know you won't forget. Thirty years. Thirty years to-day!" Once afterwards, as if in sleep, he murmured these last words. It was a sleep from which, on earth, he never woke.

"No, Rose. I will not hear of it. I am acting for your good. You will thank me for my firmness, some day."

"Oh, mother, mother! Thank you for parting me from Godfrey? You don't know him, or you couldn't talk so."

"Whether I know him or not, my dear child, I know that he is ruined."

"And I am to forsake him because of that? Ruined. No such thing. He has plenty of brains, and plenty of strength; he can work and earn his living like other men. And I should like to work with him."

"My poor little dreamer! But we have had enough of this. You may see him once more, at the ball to-night, to say good-bye; I will grant you so much; and then it is at an end."

The lady rose as she spoke—a vision of beauty and of grandeur which far outshone the girlish sweetness of the young daughter weeping at her side. Tall and stately, exquisite in form and feature alike, the advances of time skillfully disguised by arts almost rivalling nature, she looked every inch what she was—a goddess of the fashionable world. Once a distinguished beauty—a beauty still, although the mother of grown-up children—a Marchioness, moreover, married to one of our principal statesmen—she had a right, most people thought, to her cold and majestic pride.

"I'll never marry anyone else," sobbed Rose, "never—never. You may separate us if you choose, but you can't tear him out of my heart."

"Listen," said the Marchioness. "I knew a girl once as devotedly in love as any of your poets could desire. We were bosom friends, that girl and I—!" She paused for a moment, and Rose looked up, her attention arrested. The Marchioness was smiling still; but the smile was just a little fixed. "Yes, she loved someone so much that when they were parted she thought she should never be happy again. She wished she could die for a time. But it passed over."

"And did she marry anyone else?"

"Yes, before they had been separated a year. He had promised to come back if he were fortunate, and try again. But he was not fortunate. He failed. And she had wise parents—such as myself. They enabled her to see that if he had been worthy of her love, if he had cared for it as she imagined he did, he would not have failed—he would have come back with honours. So she saw how undignified it would be on her part to wait for one who would not work for her; and by dint of resolution she overcame her foolishness, and made a sensible marriage."

"Her parents made it for her, I suppose?"

"They convinced her of her duty in the matter, certainly; as I trust, my dear, some day to convince you."

"Never!" cried Rose, passionately.

"Such a romantic story, my lady. I'm sure it would interest your ladyship." It was the Marchioness's maid who spoke. She was arraying her mistress for the ball: a fancy dress ball, masked, to be held at a great house, to please some great lady's fancy, on that New Year's Eve.

"You are dying to tell it, Palmer, at all events; so go on," said the Marchioness, languidly.

"It was my cousin, my lady; I had it from the cousin I told your ladyship of, who came up from the country in October; nurse at the Wall Street Union, my lady, if you remember. She looked in just now, being out for an hour or so; it cheers her up to see me sometimes, poor girl. It was a man who died this afternoon in the Union, my lady; and before he died, he made my cousin promise that something he wore round his neck should be buried with him. And my cousin, she's keeping her word."

"And what was this mysterious thing? Therein, I suppose, lies the romance," said the Marchioness, lightly.

"Yes, my lady. Never did I hear! It was the half of a sixpence, with a hole in it; and he'd had it strung round his neck by a bit of cord. It was an old sixpence, most beautifully marked—my cousin says she never saw such cleverness—with a name cut out in the silver; and under the name, 'New Year's Eve, '57.' And there it lies on the poor fellow's heart."

"And the name?"

"Are you feeling unwell, my lady? Shall I get you some sal volatile?"

"No. Go on. The name? What was the name?"

"The name was 'Nelly,' my lady. That was the inscription: 'Nelly, New Year's Eve, '57.' Some sad story belongs to that, my lady. The man—my cousin believes he was a gentleman once—he'd only been in a few days; brought from some poor lodging, in a state of destitution, she said. They think he gave a wrong name."

"And he had worn—that—all those years?"

"Thirty years, my lady," he said. "Thirty years to-day. My lady, I must really get you the sal volatile. Your ladyship's gone as white as a sheet; it's that nasty palpitation again!"

"Yes, Palmer, you can leave me for a little while. I will ring. I must be quiet."

The ball had begun. Gay figures in all imaginable eccentricities of attire, and all closely masked, filled the brilliantly-lighted saloons. It was difficult—in most cases impossible—to pronounce who was who. But two—a young man dressed like a crusader, and a girl like a Watteau shepherdess, had speedily discovered one another. They had danced together, and now they were sitting amid the orange-trees of a beautiful conservatory, talking in low tones.

"Never mind, darling," said the young man, "I will live for you, I will work for you—I will think of you only—and when I have won my spurs I will come back, if only you care enough to wait!"

"Oh, Godfrey, you know, you know! As if I could ever think of anyone else! Oh, to hear mother talk! But, Godfrey, she doesn't know what love is. She has never loved anyone herself, you see—perhaps I oughtn't to say it, when there is my father—but—he was so much older than she was, and he cares only for politics—it never could have been like you and me! You don't think me undutiful, Godfrey? You understand?"

Understand? Of course he did! And so they talked on and on, all the world to one another; forgetting the time, forgetting everyone outside that conservatory. At last, however, Rose remembered the Marchioness, from whose wing she had escaped.

"I hope she won't be angry with me for staying so long. She said I might be with you this one night. But perhaps we had better try to find her now."

They tried, but were unsuccessful; so, nothing loth, returned to their hiding-place amid the orange blossoms. Meanwhile a tall figure, in a long black cloak, was knocking at the workhouse door in Wall Street. A woman had called to make inquiries about the man who had died that afternoon, was the message shortly brought to the master.

"She says, sir, she thinks she can identify him, and in that case his friends would not wish him to have a pauper funeral."

So the master allowed her—a respectable woman, evidently handsome, too, beneath her black veil—to be conducted to the mortuary. The nurse escorted her, holding a lantern, across a paved courtyard.

"You're not nervous, ma'am, at seeing a dead person?"

"I shall not be nervous if—if he is the person I knew."

The nurse unlocked a strong door; they entered a stone-flagged room. It had only one tenant—a long figure stretched, covered by a sheet, upon a bier. The woman paused suddenly.

"I'm afraid you're nervous, after all, ma'am," said the nurse.

"No. But—I must be left alone here for a little while. Go outside and guard the door, and I will reward you."

The girl hesitated, but there was gold in the stranger's hand. She looked at her curiously, and yielded.

"You won't be long, then? I'll wait five minutes," she said, and withdrew, leaving the lantern.

The woman went up to the bier. She was trembling from head to foot, but her will was strong. She raised the sheet. There was the dead face—haggard, worn, wasted—the eyes no longer burning to relieve the whiteness, the features strongly marked, the dark hair dashed with grey, the expression that of one who has suffered long, who has been beaten down in the battle of life—tired, tired, and broken-hearted. Round the throat lay the narrow black cord.

"John!" said the woman. "John!" No voice answered. But suddenly the bells of New Year's Eve rang out from a neighbouring tower. "Thirty years ago to-night," she said. "This very night thirty years ago!" Then she bent down and kissed the cold and careworn brow. Thirty years ago had those motionless arms been around her. But her kiss was unheeded now. And outside the bells were ringing as they had rung on that evening of her recollection.

"It's the most curious thing, my lady! You remember what I was telling your ladyship about the poor man at the workhouse?"

"I remember."

"Well, that very night, quite late, my lady, a woman, who wouldn't give her name, called to identify him. They let her see him, and it seems she knew who he was. The family must have sent her, all secret, wishing not to be disgraced, no doubt, by the appearance of names. And next day an undertaker called and said a lawyer had sent him to arrange for the funeral; and the poor man was buried very respectable in Brompton Cemetery, and an order given for a stone. But the curious thing, my lady, is this, when they put him in the coffin, my cousin found that the coin had disappeared."

"The coin!"

"The sixpence, my lady, that I told you of, that he'd worn round his neck. My cousin felt, to make sure it was right, remembering her promise; and the cord had been cut off short, and the sixpence was gone! No one knew who took it, and they'll never find out—there must be queer folks about a workhouse."

Godfrey called on New Year's Day, the day following the ball, to plead his cause once more; and, wonderful to relate, he did not plead in vain. The Marchioness, after hearing his arguments, consented that Rose should wait for him; promised, further, that her husband's political interest should be exerted on his behalf.

"It seems too wonderful to be true," cried Rose.

New Year's Eve had come again, and again the bells were ringing the old year to its rest.

"Rose," said the Marchioness, "I have something to ask you. Come close to me."

Rose obeyed, her tears falling fast. For her mother was dying. She had been pining all the year, from some affection of the heart, said the physicians. Pining in a stately manner, making no complaints—but pining, nevertheless—until at length, still stately, she had taken to her bed. In November she had insisted that Rose and Godfrey, whose affairs were now in a prosperous condition, should be married. She wished, she said, to see them happy; and happy they undoubtedly were. But, somewhat suddenly at last, the end had come for the Marchioness.

She lay—not on a workhouse bed—but propped up with lace pillows, surrounded by every luxury that eye or mind could desire. It was New Year's Eve—and here was another death-bed: strange contrast to that pauper death-bed twelve months before!

"Rose," said the Marchioness, "when I am gone you will find a little silk bag near my heart. You and Godfrey—you two only—may look inside; and then, I wish you to lay it with your own hands upon my heart again, and to see that it is buried with me in my coffin."

Rose promised; and an hour later her mother passed away. The little bag was found as she had said. Rose, her husband's arm supporting her, opened it, and looked within. There, strung upon a fragment of black cord, lay the half of an old sixpence—encircled by a lock of hair—of dark hair, dashed with grey. And cut upon it, with wonderful skill, were these words: "Nelly, New Year's Eve, '57." It was placed, as desired, upon her heart, to go down with her to her grave. And the bells were ringing, as they had rung out that other New Year's Eve, one and thirty years before.—ABRIDGED FROM THE ARGOSY.

PASTIMES IN PRISON.

IN 1813 Leigh Hunt was imprisoned in Horsemonger Lane Gaol for writing a libel on the Prince Regent, and while in prison he wrote much of his autobiography. In Marshalsea Prison, Christopher Brooke, the poet, was confined, but it occurred to him that an address to the throne might get him his liberty, so he set about composing his famous "Satire to the King," which immediately on publication brought him the desired release.

It is known that the great Defoe was imprisoned in Newgate for writing his "Shortest way with Dissenters." Imprisonment seems to have agreed with the grand old author of "Robinson Crusoe." He at once became busy in his cell, and, rejoicing in the quiet of his dungeon, he produced the pithy "Ode to the Pillory" and a portion of his "Review."

But of lighter work some of the best things have been produced in prisons. There is an instance of a man who, without previous inclination, turned playwright whilst under detention. This was Dr. Dodd, who, when in prison at Newgate, composed the famous comedy "Sir Roger de Coverly," and afterwards the exquisite "Prison Thoughts."

In 1817, a printer's joiner, confined in the King's Bench, set to work to make a printing-machine, and produced a most valuable working model, which made his fortune when he was released. In the same gaol, Haydon, the great painter, was confined, and during his "bit" he produced those two capital works, "Charing Members" and "A Mock Election." In the same place, too, a gentleman from Kent spent his time finishing a most magnificent coffin. He caused the wood for this to be sent up from his estate in Kent; and then, having finished the thing, he fitted it up with pillows and mattress, and used it in lieu of a bedstead.

When in the reign of Napoleon many men gave up their lives in examining great sewers which had not been cleared or inspected for many centuries, a removal of the awful cess-pools and pits of fungus disclosed dungeons built right down under the level of the Seine. Yet in one of these terrible cells a prisoner had shaped a beautiful medal from a piece of iron, and inscribed it in a way that would have done credit to an engraver.

BIDDING AGAINST HERSELF.

A LOT of people were present at an auction sale of Japanese goods the other day.

"How much am I to bid for this exquisite vase?" asked the auctioneer, holding it above his head.

"Ten shillings," responded an elderly lady, sitting in one of the front seats.

"That's a shame," cried the man with the hammer.

"This vase, as a work of art, is worth four times the sum. Why, look at it! Will an intelligent audience allow such a sacrifice?"

"Twelve and six," came in the same woman's voice.

"Well, well, well! Can't you see that this is a treasure, and you stand here and allow it to be given away for such a paltry sum?"

"Fifteen shillings." Again it was the same bidder speaking.

"Fifteen shillings! The very idea!" ejaculated the auctioneer. "I never saw the like. Come, good people, what is the meaning of this? One of the Mikado's especial designs slighted in such a manner! It is a reflection on your taste."

"Seventeen and six," said the solitary bidder.

"I can't let it go for that," was the man's reply.

"It is too costly, too precious, and too rare in pattern. Wake up, or I'll put it back in the box."

"A pound," the woman said.

"Well, it doesn't seem as if I can get any more, so here it goes. A pound—once, twice, three times! Sold to the lady there at that shameful figure."

The lady stepped up, paid for and received her parcel, and departed, apparently without noticing the smiles of the audience.

POLITICS IN PLANTS.

Of course most people who take an interest in flowers are aware that it is customary to name special or new varieties after individuals who have gained distinction in the world of letters, art, science, politics, and so forth. This may be a wise thing to do in the majority of cases, but it is certainly not where politics are concerned. We came across an instance the other day where a lady and gentlemen selected in one of the large London nurseries a beautiful plant among others for decorating their greenhouse. Before going the gentleman asked the salesman the names of each, so that he might take a note of them. When they came to the beautiful flower alluded to, the name of which was "W. E. Gladstone," the would-be purchaser said emphatically:

"I cannot have that plant however choice or beautiful it may be, for I hate the very sound of the name."

"But," said his fair companion, "the name will make no difference to the beauty of the flower; it will be just as pretty, whatever name it bears."

"No," said the gentleman, "I will have nothing to do with a plant named after such a man as Gladstone."

Now for another instance, showing the same difficulty in regard to the opposite side of politics. A gentleman, in selecting half-a-dozen fuchsias, came across one that he admired very much, but when told the name—"Earl of Beaconsfield"—he shrugged his shoulders and expressed great astonishment that so fine a variety should be named after the late Conservative leader.

"Now," said he, "if you had given it the name of 'Mr. Gladstone' I would have had the plant, but I cannot think for a moment of having one bearing the name of a man whose politics I thoroughly detest in my possession."

It is unfortunate, indeed, that political animus should hinder the culture of flowers; but so long as the world stands we presume the same state of things will exist. Still, it would unquestionably be better if raisers of new plants would choose names from other sources than the political world for their *protégés*, and thus remove possible obstacles in the way of their general cultivation. No one objects to such names as "Her Majesty," "Princess of Wales," "Lord Wolseley," "Sir Frederick Leighton," "John Ruskin," or "Thomas Carlyle," because they are held in general respect, and are not influenced by party considerations. We could have furnished other examples, but we think the two given will suffice to show how undesirable it is to introduce politics into the peaceful and neutral world of horticulture.

"Your wife seems vexed."

"Yes. She went out to match some ribbon, and found it at the first draper's shop."

"How did you manage to get out of your engagement with Jessie without a breach-of-promise suit?"

"I threatened to wring her pug dog's neck, and she jilted me."

"How is your friend doing out in Spain?"

"Oh, he's carrying everything before him."

"Good! What business is he in?"

"He's a waiter in a restaurant."

MAN IN THE BACKGROUND: "I wonder why D'Auban trots that tall girl round to all the exhibitions?"

Girl in the Background: "Perhaps he likes to bring someone who can see his pictures without getting on to a step ladder."

"HACKINS is the most agreeable man I know."

"In what way does he show it?"

"Why, when he upset a pint of champagne on my trousers he was just as cheerful about it as he could be. Said he was glad the wine was dry."

A WORTHY parson, on being accused of cribbing, owned to it cheerfully, but added naively, "I always acknowledge the fact by raising two fingers at the opening word and two fingers again at the end of the borrowed matter, to indicate quotation marks."

BENEFACITOR: "How is your husband, my good woman?"

Poor Woman: "I am sorry to say, sir, he is confined to his room."

Benefactor: "Could I see him?"

Poor Woman: "Possibly, sir, if you applied at the county prison."

MRS. BROWN, living in the country, had five trunks carried up from the station, some ten miles away, by an old man. The day was very rainy, and the old fellow was soaked through when he drove up to the house.

Mrs. Brown (with sympathy): "Why, Hamilton, you must be wet."

Hamilton (shivering): "Ye-es, ma'am."

Mrs. Brown: "Aren't you afraid you'll take cold, Hamilton?"

Hamilton: "Ye-yes, ma'am; rheumatiz pretty bad, ma'am."

Mrs. Brown: "Don't you ever take something when you get soaked through, Hamilton?"

Hamilton (eagerly): "Ye-es-yes, ma'am." Rubs the back of his hand across his mouth.

Mrs. Brown: "Well, here are four two-grain quinine pills, Hamilton; take them as soon as you get home."

THE LOVERS' PRIZE.

As announced last week, Saturday, April 25th, is the last day on which coupons sent in competition for the £100 can be received. Any arriving after that date will not count. So far as the announcement of the result is concerned, we are of course dependant upon the number of coupons that come to hand during the last few days. We shall endeavour to so arrange that the announcement will appear in our issue dated May 9th.

CURIOSITIES OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

MUCH of the superstition of the dwellers in mountainous lands has been traditionally fostered by unexplained natural phenomena.

Professor Tyndall on one occasion, while travelling in the Alps, observed the shadow of his body projected at night-time on a mist by a lamp behind him, and a luminous circle surrounded the shadow.

An enthusiastic traveller, Mr. J. A. Fleming, for years endeavoured to realise this phenomenon without the aid of a lamp. At last, on the summit of one of the Welsh hills, he and a friend succeeded.

A gentle breeze thinned away the mists in front of the sun, and a burst of sunshine illumined the hill-tops. Along the valley the wind drove masses of thin mist, and on this they saw, to their surprise, the shadow of the summit of the hill on which they stood, and their own sharply-marked shadows projected on it in giant shape. Surrounding these figures they observed two complete circular rainbows, quite concentric, the centre being the shadow of their heads. During all this time the sun was shining brightly on their backs.

Here are some other instances of the appearances of this phenomenon, as vouched for by authentic and trustworthy authorities. In the Sierra de Nevada, in Spain, Mr. Marr, of the Geodetic Survey, was one day confronted by a monster figure of a man standing in mid-air before him, upon the top of a clearly defined mountain-peak, with the mist of the valley for a resting-place. Around it were two circles of rainbow light and colour on its head was a glorious halo, and from its body shot rays of colour.

He was indescribably startled, and threw up his arms at the sight of this awe-striking apparition of gigantic stature. Immediately on this movement the spectre threw out its arms and approached him. When the sun's brightness was obscured the shadow melted away.

Mr. Whymp, in his "Ascent of the Matterhorn," mentions an instance in which the rainbow colours assume the shape of crosses instead of circles. This effect occurring, as it did, soon after a fatal accident in the Alps, filled the minds of the guides with superstitious horror.

To Mr. G. R. Gilbert, of Washington, a distinguished physicist, the phenomenon was also presented, when he was on the plateau of the Table Cliff, in Utah (two miles above the sea level). The air was moist, and scattering clouds hugged the valley. Standing before sunset on the edge of the cliff, he saw his own shadow distinctly outlined on a cloud, apparently about fifty feet from him. About the head was a bright halo, with a diameter several times greater than the head. Outside the halo there appeared two concentric circles with brilliant rainbow colours.

But the phenomena observed at Adam's Peak, in Ceylon, eclipse all that have been seen of this nature in the whole world. Many travellers have given an account of these remarkable peculiarities, and the Hon. Ralph Abercromby, in his enthusiasm for meteorological research, went there with two scientific friends on purpose to witness the strange appearance.

This mountain rises in an abrupt cone 1,000 feet above the chain and 7,352 feet above the sea level. It lies near an elbow in the main range, while a gorge runs up from the north-east just to the west of it. When, then, the north-east monsoon blows morning mists up the valley, light wreaths of vapour pass to the west of the peak and catch the shadows at sunrise.

The party reached the summit on the night of the 21st of February, 1886, amid rain, mist, and wind. Early next morning the foreglow began to brighten the under surface of the stratus cloud with orange; patches of white mist filled the hollows; and sometimes masses of mist, coming from the valley, enveloped them with condensed vapour. At 6.30 a.m. the sun peeped through a chink in the clouds, and they saw the pointed shadow of the peak lying on the misty land. Soon a complete prismatic circle of about 8 deg. diameter, with red outside, formed round the summit of the peak as a centre.

The meteorologist, knowing that with this bow there ought to be spectral figures, waved his arms about, and immediately saw giant shadowy arms moving in the centre of the rainbow. Two dark rays shot upwards and outwards on either side of the centre, and appeared to be nearly in a prolongation of the lines of the slope of the peak below. Three times within a quarter of an hour this appearance was repeated as mist drove up in proper quantities, and fitful glimpses of the sun gave sufficient light to throw a shadow and form a circular rainbow.

When the sun rose high the characteristic peculiarity of the shadow was beautifully observed. As a thin wreath of condensed vapour came up the valley at a proper height a resplendent bow formed round the shadows, while both seemed to stand up majestically in front of the observers, and then the shadow fell down on to the land and the bow vanished as the mist passed on. About half an hour later the sun again shone out, but much higher and stronger than before, and then they saw a brighter and sharper shadow of the peak, this time encircled by a double bow; and their own spectral arms were again visible.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

To Keep Pie Crusts from Crumbling.

When your pies with upper crusts are ready to put in the oven to bake, take a little sweet milk in a cup and with a bit of clean cloth wet the upper crust and rim. When baked it will present a shiny surface and will not flake off. (Reply to NINA.)

Apple Sago.

Pare and core some apples and place them in a pudding dish, not quite touching each other. Pour over them four tablespoonfuls of sago (dissolved in one quart of boiling water, with a little salt and sprinkling of sugar). Bake till the apples are done. Eat cold with cream and sugar.

Soap-Suds should Never be Wasted.

Few persons know how valuable soap-suds prove when used as a manure. Applied to the roots of vines, fruit-trees, etc., they impart a vigour and rapidity of growth which is surprising. No one who is lucky enough to have a garden, ought to allow soap suds to be thrown away.

Potato Scallops.

Butter some small patty pans, boil and mash some potatoes, using a little milk to make them soft, add a little melted butter, season with pepper and salt, and beat them up as lightly as possible; fill the patty pans and bake until a golden brown, glazing them over with butter whilst hot. Strew a little grated Parmesan cheese over each, and serve piled high on a napkin.

Pastry as Wholesome as Toast.

People who will tell you that they are quite careful about diet, and never think of touching pastry, will eat hot buttered toast, and give it to children and invalids. The difference between the two articles is as follows: pastry is flour and water baked after butter has been rubbed into it. Buttered toast is flour and water baked first, and then rubbed thoroughly with butter. The difference between pastry and well-buttered toast is apparently the difference between the proverbial "tweedledum and tweedledee."

Macaroni and Cheese.

The following is a light and nourishing way of serving macaroni and cheese:—Mix one ounce of potato flour with a little cold milk, add a pint of hot milk, put it into a stewpan, and boil for a minute or two, stirring well; then remove it from the fire (this is to lower the temperature, that the cheese may not be hardened), and stir in until quite dissolved two or three ounces of cheese, grated if dry enough, or thinly sliced if soft; add salt and pepper to taste. Then pour it over four tablespoonfuls of previously-cooked macaroni, cut small, and laid in a dish. Garnish with sippets of dry toast and serve hot. Boiled rice, as well as vermicelli and other Italian pastes, may be used for this. (Reply to G. F.)

A Durable Furniture Polish.

Put a quarter of a pint of turpentine, a quarter of a pint of spirits of wine, and a quarter of a pint of vinegar into a bottle, with a third of a pint of linseed oil; cork tightly and shake the bottle briskly in order to mix the various ingredients thoroughly before using. Dust the furniture carefully, remove any grease spots there may be with a flannel dipped in warm soda and water, then pour a small quantity of the polish on a piece of clean, soft, old flannel, and rub it well into the wood, and polish off at once with a very soft duster—an old silk handkerchief is the best thing for this purpose. If only a small quantity of polish is used, the furniture will brighten much more easily than when the mixture is laid on thick. (Reply to M. B.)

The Lamp Wick.

Many mistakes are made in trimming the lamp wick too often or not often enough, too much, or too little. It is not always necessary to trim it every day. Usually, indeed, every other day is sufficiently often, if the lamp has been fully supplied with oil. Be guided by the amount of use. Do not cut off all the charred portion; leave a thin coat of the char on the end of the wick. It is next to impossible to get an even, well-shaped flame from a fresh cut wick. Slightly round the corners to prevent the flame spreading too wide and overheating the sides of the chimney. Do not let the wick get too short. When it does not touch the bottom of the lamp it is time to get a new one, and this should be done at once. Never seek to lengthen it by sewing on strips of cloth. See that the wick exactly fits the tube, but not tightly. In putting in a new wick, be careful not to let a thread of the warp catch in the teeth of the ratchet and pull out, it will make trouble ever after. A wick should be discarded, and a new one substituted, after a year's use, even if still long enough.

Treacle Pudding.

One pound of flour, half-pound of suet chopped fine, half-pound of treacle, half-pint of milk, half-ounce of ginger, half a teaspoonful of soda; put into a shape and steam for two hours and a half. (Reply to SABINA.)

Broiled Mutton.

Cut some good slices from a joint of mutton and place them on a gridiron over a clear fire, putting plenty of pepper and salt; when done, arrange the meat round a dish, adding a few small pieces of butter; place this in the oven; now make some tomato sauce hot (this may be procured in bottles for winter use), and pour it in the centre of the dish.

Cleaning Glass and China.

Glasses should be washed and rinsed in cold water and wiped off with one cloth; then rub dry and clean with another. Cut glass should be rubbed with a damp sponge dipped in whiting, then brush this off with a clean brush, and wash the vessel in cold water. Earthenware and china, washed in soap-suds and rinsed in cold water, are freed from grease and stains with little or no trouble. Soda is good for greasy dishes. (Reply to SAUCY.)

Fricassee Steak.

Cut the steak from the round or rump into small squares and flour them lightly. Put some dripping into the frying-pan, slice into it a Spanish onion, and add some cooked tomatoes, if in season; lay in the pieces of steak and fry them a nice brown; then put them into a saucepan, strain the contents of the frying-pan, add a little boiling water, season with pepper and salt, pour over the steak, and simmer gently for nearly an hour. Serve with rice as boiled for curry. The slices of onion can be left in with the steak if liked.

Fruit in the Morning.

Fruit should be eaten in the early part of the day. The old adage, "Gold at morning, silver at noon, and lead at night," has a scientific basis. The natural acidity of fruit, acting upon the empty stomach, is a tonic for the torpid liver. Persons with active brains are frequently unable to eat uncooked fruit, and, for this class, fruit stewed or baked and moderately sweetened is advised. Apples may very properly be classed first in value: There is no more healthful dish for the breakfast-table than baked apples. In this mode of cooking the property of the fruit most valuable as an alternative lies just underneath the skin, and is thus retained. Next to the apple is the orange; then all the berries of the temperate zone as they ripen in order.

Hasty Hash.

This is a nutritious and economical hash, which can be quickly made without much trouble. You require about twelve ounces of steak—"poor's eye" is the best for the purpose—which must be cut about an inch and a half thick. From this cut strips, edgeways, a quarter of an inch thick; fry them very lightly in butter, and roll each one up, securing it either with a tiny wooden skewer or a piece of thread. Place these rolls in a stewpan with a breakfast cup of stock, while they are simmering fry a couple of sliced onions, and when they are brown add a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce, a dash of pepper and salt, and a teaspoonful of sugar. Stir all these in the frying-pan, and then add them to the rolls in the stewpan. Thicken with flour and butter, and serve as quickly as possible.

Precautions in Using Oil Lamps.

Never fill a lamp when it is lighted. Never fill it near another lighted lamp or gas jet. Never fill a lamp and then set the filler down near it and proceed to light the lamp; get the oil can away first. If a lamp has a feeding place at the side, be sure that this is tightly closed before lighting the lamp. Better always fill and trim lamps by daylight. Always select lamps with a broad, heavy base. Never permit children to handle or light lamps. In putting out a lamp, always turn the flame very low before blowing into the chimney; then blow a quick, short puff, and turn up the wick again to be sure the flame is extinguished. There is no danger in blowing out a lamp, if the flame is first turned very low.

How Long a Child should Sleep.

A healthy baby for the first two months or so spends most of its time asleep. After that a baby should have at least two hours' sleep in the forenoon and one hour in the afternoon, and it is quite possible to teach almost any infant to adopt this as a regular habit. Even to the age of four or five years a child should have one hour of sleep, or at least rest in bed, before its dinner, and it should be put to bed at six or seven in the evening, and left undisturbed for twelve or fourteen hours. Up to the fifteenth year most young people require ten hours, and till the twentieth year nine hours. After that age everyone finds out how much he or she requires, though, as a general rule, at least six or eight hours are necessary. Eight hours' sleep will prevent more nervous derangement in women than any medicine can cure. During growth there must be ample sleep if the brain is to develop to its full extent, and the more nervous, excitable, or precocious a child is, the longer sleep should it get if its intellectual progress is not to come to a premature standstill or its life be cut short at an early age.

To Remove Glass.

Panes of glass may be easily removed by the application of soft soap for a few hours, however hard the putty may be. (Reply to JACK.)

Washing Floors.

A tablespoonful of kerosene added to the water with which floors are washed will greatly help in making them clean, and will leave the paint fresh and bright. There will also be a considerable saving. (Reply to SALLY.)

German Biscuits.

One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of fine sugar, one egg, and a good pinch of baking powder. Rub dry ingredients together, and mix to a paste with the egg well whisked; roll out thin, and cut into round cakes. Moderate oven to bake them a pale brown; put in pairs, with jam between and icing on top.

Tapioca Ice.

One cup of pearl tapioca soaked in cold water overnight; in the morning boil in water in a double kettle until clear and soft; add one cupful of white sugar and a little salt. Chop a ripe pine-apple (after it is peeled), and put it in a deep dish, and pour the tapioca over it boiling hot. Stir and pour it into a mould. When cold, turn out, and serve with cream and sugar.

To use up Potatoes.

Chop them fine, place a layer in a pudding-dish, season with salt and bits of butter, sift over a little flour, then more potatoes, seasoning, etc. When the dish is full pour milk over, set it in the oven, and bake to a nice brown. It is well to cover for awhile so as to steam the potatoes at first, then remove and finish. If raw potatoes are cooked thus allow forty-five minutes for the baking; those already cooked will not need baking more than thirty minutes.

Rhubarb Batter Pudding.

Six stalks of rhubarb, one large tablespoonful dripping, two large tablespoonfuls sugar (white), one egg, half-pint milk, quarter-pound brown sugar, half-pint cold water. Boil together in a saucepan the sugar and water. Rub the rhubarb well in a clean towel; cut it in lengths, and add it to the water and sugar. Place the pan by the side of the fire and cook the rhubarb slowly till tender; pour it into a pie-dish and add to it the dripping. Place in a basin the flour, drop into it the yolk of egg, add by degrees the milk, and beat all well together. Whip the white of egg to a stiff froth and mix it in lightly. Pour this over the rhubarb, and bake it in a quick oven for half an hour. Take it out, sprinkle over the white sugar, and serve hot.

Afraid of the Nurse.

It is a sure sign that something is wrong, and very far wrong, when a child shows dread of a nurse—refusing to go to her, crying at sight of her, or remaining cross in her care after she ceases to be a stranger. Such indications may always be accepted as a proof of one or two things—either the nurse is unkind to the little one when the mother is out of sight, or she is deficient in ability to care for and amuse him. In either case she is unfit for her office. A child who is habitually unhappy cannot grow up healthy and strong. To delegate the painful duty of chastisement to an unprincipled servant is a most unwise proceeding. The closest imprisonment is fully as bad as corporal punishment. Children have lost their wits from terror when shut up in a dark room. Your nurse is willing to take the risk, but the consequences really fall upon the mother and the baby.

Useful Hints.

A piece of zinc put on the live coals in the stove will clean out the stove-pipe. To brighten the inside of a tea or coffee pot, fill with water, add a piece of soap, and boil for about forty-five minutes. Save the fine coal ashes which collect under the oven. They are excellent for scouring tin and all kitchen utensils. The habit among women of biting off the thread with which they are sewing is prolific of sore throat and blood-poisoning. Butter or cans of milk may be kept perfectly cold by being wrapped in a cloth and set in a deep dish containing a little water, where air is circulating. To wash silk handkerchiefs, soak them first in cold salt and water for ten minutes, or longer, then wash out in the same water and iron immediately. New paint stains can be removed by turpentine; old stains must be first softened with butter, and then rubbed with benzine. Turpentine very often leaves a mark, although it takes out the stain. Water may cause a white mark to appear on furniture. Apply linseed oil and turpentine in equal quantities, rub with a soft rag, and then wipe off the mixture with a clean duster. Raisins can be stoned much more easily if boiling water is poured over them and they are allowed to soak for a few minutes. The stones can then be removed with very little trouble by pinching the fruit at the stem end. Never put away food in tin plates. Fully one half of the cases of poison from the use of canned goods, arise because the articles are left or put back into the can after using. China, earthenware, or glass is the only safe receptacle for "left-over."

Isobel

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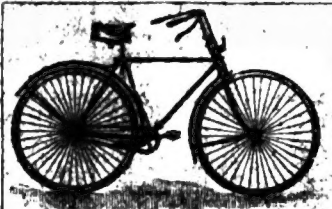
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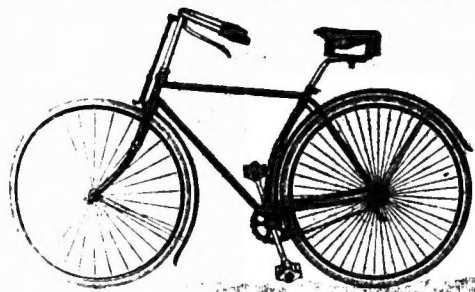
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WORKS: COVENTRY.

WINNERS

OF

THE MARCH "SUNLIGHT SOAP" MONTHLY COMPETITIONS.

The following are the Winners of the March Competition. We find that Competitors are sending in Lists of Non-users of Sunlight Soap which they have copied either wholly or in part from Lists used by Winners of previous Competitions. Competitors must please note that they will be disqualified if they make use of or copy from the lists of previous Winners, or of other Competitors. Unsuccessful Competitors will be allowed to copy from THEIR OWN Lists used in previous months, provided they have corrected them, so as to exclude the names of those persons who in the meantime have become users of Sunlight Soap.

COMPETITORS MUST NOT COPY THE LISTS OF OTHER COMPETITORS.

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Girls Aged 16.

A. E. BOONEY, 5, Brompton Terrace, Brompton Lane, Strood, near Rochester, 1,109; S. WASSILL, 53, Co-operative Buildings, Windmillhill Street, Motherwell, 908; E. STEVENSON, Co-operative Street, Old Shildon, Durham, 850; H. STIBBARD, 33, Clarence Road, Grays, Essex, 695; N. TOWNLEY, 221, Nantwich Road, Crewe, 483.

Girls Aged 15.

E. L. BOULDEN, 76, Shepherd's Bush Road, West Kensington, London, 1,069; M. ADAM, Burnside Cottage, Stanmann, Stirlingshire, 795; M. FELL, 107, White Lane, Pendleton, near Manchester, 706; E. JACKSON, 16, Nelson Street, Low Moor, Clitheroe, 616; L. COAKE, 1, Milton Terrace, Redpost Lane, Forest Gate, London, 672.

Girls Aged 14.

M. H. TURNER, 16, Hollin Cross Road, Glossop, 1,100; M. ROBINSON, 163, Maabro Street, Maabro, near Rotherham, 820; A. BLAIR, 93, Canal Street, Newry, Ireland, 710; E. H. G. HOULT, 1, Harwich Street, Whitstable-on-Sea, Kent, 564; M. J. BONE, 26, Bell Vue Terrace, Tyne Dock, South Shields, 511.

Girls Aged 13.

E. A. TROWELL, 40, Stoke Road, Guildford, Surrey, 812; A. LEE, School House, Washington, Co. Durham, 800; L. SCOTTRICK, 5, Victoria Place, Liquorpond Street, Boston, Lincolnshire, 760; E. B. COX, 3, West Street, Newport, I.W., 735; C. E. CANN, 72, Greame Street, Alexandra Park, Manchester, 605.

Girls Aged 12.

E. COLVIN, Birt Barracks, near Parsonstown, Ireland, 619; G. H. MOLYNEUX, 386, Spring Bank, Pemberton, near Wigan, 656; E. E. FERDINANDO, 148, Green Street, Bethnal Green, London, E., 647; J. MCGRINDLE, 5, Clydebank Terrace, Dumbarton, 423; M. A. BOURKE, E.I.C., Barrack, Castlecomer, County Kilkenny, 264.

Girls Aged 11 and Under.

P. L. DODINGTON, 89, King's Road, Canton, Cardiff, 953; D. M. TAYNER, 354, Upland Road, East Dulwich, London, S.E., 623; E. K. HOOPER, 78, Albany Road, Old Kent Road, London, S.E., 900; E. E. BAGLEY, North Collingham, near Newmarket, Notts, 786; J. A. CRISP, c/o Mrs. Burge, 167, Goldhawk Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, 707.

Boys Aged 16.

E. E. ORCHARD, 15, Spurstowe Terrace, Spurstowe Road, Hackney, London, 1,164; A. HOLMES, 76, Marne Street, Queen's Park Estate, London, W., 1,088; C. HUMPHRIES, 13, Clarence Terrace, Putney, London, 1,080; T. DANIBON, 88, Four Lane Ends, Hutton-le-Hole, County Durham, 1,025; A. BROOKER, 8, Market Place, Underhill Road, East Dulwich, 1,009.

Boys Aged 15.

A. MENZIES, Borland Park, Auchterarder, N.B., 1,120; C. MERCKE, 573, Holloway Road, Upper Holloway, London, 1,046; A. E. WARNER, Finedon, near Wellingborough, Northampton, 1,000; F. B. HALL, 12, Frederick Street, Atherham Vale, New Cross, London, S.E., 851; A. A. HOLLOWAY, c/o Mr. A. J. Atkins, 83, High Street, Cheltenham, 831.

Boys Aged 14.

T. HERITAGE, c/o Mr. Battell, 99, Caledonian Road, London, N., 953; W. H. STACEY, 48, Etchingham Road, Stratford, London, E., 766; J. DUNN, Rosemount Cottage, Garden Street, Galston, 748; J. P. TOMKINS, 34, Black Lion Lane, Hammermith, London, 633; T. BARLOW, 77, Ryhope Street, Ryhope Colliery, near Sunderland, 620.

Boys Aged 13.

E. CHAPMAN, 1, Ernest Villas, St. Mary's Road, Barking, Essex, 1,050; S. WOOLTON, 627, Young Street, Wolverton, Bucks, 1,003; W. E. PARMITER, Church Street, Sawbridgeworth, Herts, 891; F. D. WARD, Corner of Cavendish Road, Mill Road, Cambridge, 808; E. SMITH, Yeast Dealer, High Street, Clay Cross, 796.

Boys Aged 12.

W. H. MARSDEN, 6, Station Road, Waterhouses, Durham, 1,155; T. FRIEND, 11, Church Street, Gillingham, Kent, 1,045; G. D. ECKERSLEY, 38, Samuel Street, Huddersfield, Atherton, near Manchester, 869; F. SAUNDERS, 21, New Street, Borough Road, Southwark, London, S.E., 612; C. W. PARDON, 91, Battersea Rise, London, S.W., 554.

Boys Aged 11 and Under.

S. PARKIN, 234, Uxbridge Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, 1,061; W. DANIELS, Yalding, Maidstone, 900; E. DAVIS, 213, Victoria Park Road, South Hackney, London, 900; E. DAVIS, 213, Victoria Park Road, South Hackney, 900; A. G. BUTCHER, "Earl of Zetland," 116, Prince's Road, Notting Hill, London, W., 731.

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OPEN TO ALL AGED 17 LAST BIRTHDAY AND UPWARDS.

PRIZES each Month—60 Silver Keyless Lever Waltham Watches, value £4 4s. each.

Ladies Aged 17 and Upwards.

M. J. HALL, Coop Terrace, Easington Lane, Fence Houses, 189; S. A. BUCKLEY, White Cottage, Mount Pleasant, Stalybridge, 183; C. MASON, 146, Allcroft Road, Keathish Town, London, N.W., 171; E. WILLIAMS, 1, Market Place, Wakefield Street, East Ham, Essex, 170; L. HILLAS, 341, Stickers Lane, Bowling, Bradford, 167; S. J. PLATT, Mottram Moor, Hollingworth, near Manchester, 160; E. MORISON, Uphall, N.E., 162; A. POPPLETON, 29, Ramsgate, Louth, Lincolnshire, 150; L. A. WHITMARSH, 15, Eden Street, Kingston-on-Thames, 150; M. SAMPSON, c/o Mrs. Andow, 74, Groome Street, Alexandra Park, Manchester, 150; Wm. G. PARKER, 18, Wesley Crescent, Shildon, County Durham, 142; P. RATCLIFFE, 560, Undercliffe Street, Bradford, 142; E. DAVIS, 26, Crowther Road, South Norwood, 136; M. SNOWBALL, 40, Fabian Street, Roman Road, East Ham, Essex, 135; E. RAYNER, St. Fabian's Cottages, Exning Road, Newmarket, Suffolk, 154; S. GREENWOOD, Waingate Lane, near H-bden Bridge, Yorkshire, 134; M. ANDERSON, 13, Brindley Street, Hulme, Manchester, 133; M. HOOK, 29, Vilett, New Swindon, Wilts, 132; K. JOHNSON, 90, High Street, King's Lynn, 130; J. B. HOWARD, 61, Maryland Street, Stratford, London, E., 129; H. GIBSON, 1, Church Cottage, Rastington, near Worthing, Sussex, 120; L. M. ROWLAND, c/o Mr. Jones, draper, 37, Sidney Road, Homerton, London, 119; F. MESSER, 85, Redhill Street, Albany Street, London, N.W., 113; M. A. DABYSHIRE, 309, Hadfield Road, Hadfield, near Manchester, 117; B. BOYER, Harewood Cottage, Broadbottom, near Manchester, 117; E. MATHER, 13, Vickers Street, Clifton, near Manchester, 116; E. WARD, c/o M. Bew, 7A, Mornington Street, Camden Town, London, 112; K. GOROBED, Silver Street, Ely, Cambs, 110; M. CORNER, 164, Fratton Street, Portsmouth, Hants, 105; A. HALLOWS, 289, Hoxton Street, Hoxton, London, N., 103.

Gentlemen Aged 17 and Upwards.

J. FARRON, 3, Apple Terrace, Edge Hill, Liverpool, 405; T. M. DRAPER, 3, Pickering Street, Hulme, Manchester, 400; T. WALTON, Co-operative Terrace, Hutton-le-Hole, via Fence Houses, 226; H. McEWEN, Post Office, Portarlington, 212; W. CARLTON, 37, Farrow Street, Darlington, 212; F. PALMER, c/o Mrs. Mammell, 8, King's Gardens, Plymouth, 210; H. JONES, 7, Dagmar Terrace, Tivoli, Cheltenham, 207; T. DAVIES, 27, Allen Street, Glamorganshire, 203; T. EVANS, 3, Griffith Street, Aberdare, South Wales, 202; Wm. HALLIDAY, 1, Rake Lane, Clifton, near Manchester, 202; F. DEARDES, 1, Berry Street, off Albert Street, Newton Heath, near Manchester, 202; T. WOOD, 31, Hill Street, Middlesbrough, 201; J. W. SERGINSON, 8, Station Road, Darlington, 200; A. LIESON, 92, Church Street, Wolverton, Bucks, 195; A. McNAIRN, Bank Street, Slamannan, Stirlingshire, 194; A. M. BYRNES, 43, Clapham Road, Clapham, London, S.W., 180; H. SMITH, 141, Hartington Road, South Lambeth, London, S.W., 176; E. G. BRYER, 39, Upper High Street, Thame, Oxon, 176; C. NICHOLAS, 60, Ellen Street, Birmingham, 170; A. ASHTON, 40, Conduit Street, Tintwistle, near Manchester, 167; G. E. AYKROYD, Legrams Terrace, Listerhill Road, Bradford, 166; W. THOMAS, 29, William Street, Twynrodyn, Merthyr Tydvil, 164; F. E. GUTSELL, 4, Mordant Road, The Avenue, Southampton, 162; A. MAGIN, 96, Palmerston Road, Finsbury Park, London, N., 161; F. YATES, 25, Westgate Street, Huddersfield, 160; H. W. ADRE, High Street, Malmesbury, 157; J. JONES, 35, John Street, Maabro, near Rotherham, 156; H. AROENT, 30, North Terrace, Esh Colliery, Waterhouses, Co. Durham, 156; F. H. ELLIS, 139, Southampton Street, Reading, Berks, 154; H. SMITHER, 1, Gairloch Road, Vestry Road, Camberwell, London, 154.

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LEWIS'S are the Manufacturers of the fine first-class Velveteen which is now well known all over the world. It is **FAST PILE** and **FAST DYED**, and **EVERY INCH** is **GUARANTEED**.

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